

THE  
**ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.**

(NEW SERIES.)

COMPRISING ORIGINAL REVIEWS, BIOGRAPHY, ANALYTICAL AB-  
STRACTS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, TRANSLATIONS FROM FRENCH  
JOURNALS, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH  
REVIEWS.

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VOL. II. NO. V. NOVEMBER, 1820.

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PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES MAXWELL.

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1820.

Italians in the large cities, the inns of Andalusia, and indeed of all Spain, are large caravanseras, where one finds nothing but lodging, and room for horses and mules. Travellers are obliged to carry provisions with them, and to sleep upon their horse-cloths. The natives of the country travel in small caravans, whenever they go off the most public roads, and they carry guns slung to their saddle bows, for fear of being robbed by the smugglers, who are very numerous in the mountains of Grenada, and the southern coasts between Malaga and Cadiz. In some parts of Spain the country people, and particularly the farm servants, sleep stretched out upon mats, which they roll up and carry about with them. This eastern custom explains the words of our Saviour, 'Take up thy bed and walk.'

The country women sit, in the Moorish manner, on circular mats of reeds, and in some convents of Spain, where the ancient manners are transmitted without alteration, the nuns still sit like Turks, without knowing that they derive the custom from the enemies of the Christian faith. The mantilla, a sort of large woollen veil commonly worn by the lower class of women in Andalusia, and which sometimes hides their whole face, except their eyes, seems to have originated in the large scarf in which the eastern women wrap themselves when they go out. The Spanish dances, particularly the different kinds of fandango, resemble the loose dances of the east. The custom of playing the castanets in dancing, and of singing sequedillas, still exist among the Arabs of Egypt, as well as in Spain, and the burning wind which blows from the east, still receives the name of the Medina wind, in Andalusia.

Like the Orientals, the Spanish, in general, are sober, even in the midst of abundance, from a religious principle; they look upon intemperance as an abuse of the gifts of God, and entertain a profound contempt for

those who give themselves up to it. They eat salt pork every day at their meals; this meat, unwholesome in hot countries, is prohibited by the sacred laws of all the nations of the east, and is an abomination to them. At the time when Spain was conquered by the Christians, and before the entire expulsion of the Moors, there were in Andalusia a great number of Mussulmans and Jews, who had become converts in appearance only, in order to obtain permission to remain in the country. The Christian Spaniards then eat pork, as a test among themselves, and it was, so to speak, a kind of profession of faith.

The Spanish national and local troops, or the levies in mass, fight in disorder and with loud shouts. In an attack in the open country they have that impetuosity, that fury, mingled with despair and fanaticism, which distinguishes the Arabs; and, like them, they are apt to despair too soon of the event, and yield the battle at the very moment they might claim the victory; but when they fight behind walls and entrenchments, their firmness is unconquerable. The inhabitants of Egypt fled into the defiles of the mountains beyond the desert. The inhabitants of Spain quitted their dwellings on the approach of our troops, and carried their most precious effects into the mountains. In Spain, as in Egypt, our soldiers could not remain behind their companies without being murdered; in short, the inhabitants of the south of Spain possess the same perseverance in hatred, and the same liveliness of imagination, which distinguish the nations of the east; like them, they are easily discouraged on the least rumour of defeat, and rise up in arms the moment they conceive the slightest hopes of success. The Spaniards, like the Arabs, often treated their prisoners with the excess of barbarity; but they also sometimes exercised towards them the noblest and most generous hospitality.



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ART. I.—*Remarks of the Edinburgh Review on Mr. Walsh's Appeal.*

(*Concluded.*)

HOW then is it to be accounted for, that Mr. W. should have taken such a favourable view of our state and merits in 1810, and so very different a one in 1819? There is but one explanation that occurs to us—Mr. W., as appears from the passages just quoted, had been originally very much of the opinion to which he has now returned—For he tells us, that he considers the tribute of admiration which he there offers to our excellence, as an *atonement* for the errors and prejudices under which he laboured till he came among us,—and hints pretty plainly, that he had formerly been *ungrateful* enough to disown all obligation to our race, and *impious* enough even to wish for our ruin. Now, from the tenor of the work before us, compared with these passages, it is pretty plain, we think, that Mr. W. has just *relapsed* into those damnable heresies which we fear are epidemic in his part of the country—and from which nothing is so likely to deliver him, as a repetition of the same remedy by which they were formerly removed. Let him come again then to England and

try the effect of a second course of 'personal experience and observation'—let him make another pilgrimage to Mecca, and observe whether his faith is not restored and confirmed—let him, like the Indians of his own world, visit the tombs of his fathers in the old land, and see whether he can *there* abjure the friendship of their other children? If he will venture himself among us for another two years' residence, we can promise him that he will find in substance the same England that he left:—Our laws and our landscapes—our industry and urbanity;—our charities, our learning, and our personal beauty, he will find unaltered and unimpaired;—and we think we can even engage, that he shall find also a still greater 'correspondence of feeling in the body of our people,' and not a less disposition to welcome an accomplished stranger, who comes to get rid of errors and prejudices, and to learn—or, if he pleases, to teach, the great lessons of a generous and indulgent philanthropy.

We have done, however, with this topic. We have a considerable contempt for the *argumentum ad hominem* in any case—and have no desire to urge it any further at present. The truth is, that neither of Mr. W.'s portraitures of us appears to be very accurate. We are painted *en beau* in the one, and *en laid* in the other. The particular traits in each may be given with tolerable truth—but *the whole truth* is to be found in neither; and it will not even do to take them together—any more than it would do to make a correct likeness, by patching or compounding together a flattering portrait and a monstrous caricature.—We have but a word or two, indeed, to add on the general subject, before we take a final farewell of this discussion.

We admit, that many of the charges, which Mr. W. has here made against our country, are justly made—and that for many of the things with which he has reproached us, there is just cause of reproach. It would be strange, indeed, if we were to do otherwise—considering that it is from our



pages that he has on many occasions borrowed the charge and the reproach. If he had stated them, therefore, with any degree of fairness or temper, and had not announced that they were brought forward as incentives to hostility and national alienation, we should have been so far from complaining of him, that we should have been heartily thankful for the services of such an auxiliary in our holy war against vice and corruption, and rejoiced to obtain the testimony of an impartial observer, in corroboration of our own earnest admonitions. Even as it is, we are inclined to think that this exposition of our infirmities will rather do good than harm, so far as it produces any effect at all in this country. Among our national vices, we have long reckoned an insolent and overweening opinion of our own universal superiority; and though it really does not belong to America to reproach us with *this* fault, and though the ludicrous exaggeration of Mr. W.'s charge, is sure very greatly to weaken his authority, still such an alarming catalogue of our faults and follies, may have some effect, as a wholesome mortification of our vanity. It is with a view to its probable effect in his own country, and to his avowal of the effect he wishes it to produce there, that we consider it as deserving of all reprobation;—and therefore beg leave to make one or two very short remarks on its manifest injustice, and indeed absurdity, in so far as relates to ourselves, and that great majority of the country whom we believe to concur in our sentiments. The object of this violent invective on England is twofold; and we really do not know under which aspect it is most reprehensible. It is, *first*, to repress, if possible, the invectives which we, it seems, have been making on America; and, *secondly*, to excite, *there*, a spirit of animosity, to meet and revenge that which those invectives are said to indicate here:—And this is the shape of the argument—What right have you to abuse us for keeping and whipping slaves, when you yourselves whip your soldiers, and were so slow to give up your slave

trade, and use your subjects so ill in India and Ireland?—or what right have you call our Marshall a dull historian, when you have a Belsham and a Gifford who are still duller? Now, though this argument would never show that whipping slaves was a right thing, or that Mr. Marshall was not a dull writer, it might be a very smart and embarrassing retort to those among us who had defended our slave trade or our military floggings, or our treatment of Ireland and India—or who had held out Messrs. Belsham and Gifford as pattern historians, and ornaments of our national literature. But what meaning or effect can it have when addressed to those who have always testified against the wickedness and the folly of the practices complained of, and who have treated the ultra-whig and the ultra-tory historian with equal scorn and reproach? *We have a right to censure cruelty and dulness abroad, because we have censured them with more and more frequent severity at home;—and their home existence, though it may prove indeed that our censures have not yet been effectual in producing amendment, can afford no sort of reason for not extending them where they might be more attended to.*

We have generally blamed what we thought worthy of blame in America, without any express reference to parallel cases in England, or any invidious comparison. Their books we have criticised just as we should have done those of any other country; and in speaking more generally of their literature and manners, we have rather brought them into competition with those of Europe in general, than those of our country in particular.—When we have made any comparative estimate of our own advantages and theirs, we can say with confidence, that it has been far oftener in their favour than against them;—and, after repeatedly noticing their preferable condition as to taxes, elections, sufficiency of employment, public economy, freedom of publication, and many other points of paramount importance, it surely was but fair that we should notice, in their turn, those merits or advantages



which might reasonably be claimed for ourselves, and bring into view our superiority in eminent authors, and the extinction and annihilation of slavery in every part of our realm.

We would also remark, that while we have thus praised America far more than we have blamed her—and reproached ourselves far more bitterly than we have ever reproached her, Mr. W., while he affects to be merely following our example, has heaped abuse on us without one grain of commendation—and praised his own country extravagantly, without admitting one fault or imperfection. Now, this is not a fair way of retorting the proceedings even of the *Quarterly*; for they have occasionally given some praise to America, and have constantly spoken ill enough of the paupers, and radicals, and reformers of England. But as to *us*, and the great body of the nation which thinks with us, it is a proceeding without the colour of justice or the shadow of apology—and is not a less flagrant indication of impatience or bad humour, than the marvellous assumption which runs through the whole argument, that it is an unpardonable insult and an injury to find *any fault* with *any thing* in America, must necessarily proceed from national spite and animosity, and affords, whether true or false, sufficient reason for endeavouring to excite a corresponding animosity against our nation. Such, however, is the scope and plan of Mr. W.'s whole work. Whenever he thinks that his country has been erroneously accused, he points out the error with sufficient keenness and asperity;—but when he is aware that the imputation is just and unanswerable, instead of joining his rebuke or regret to those of her foreign censors, he turns fiercely and vindictively on the parallel infirmities of this country—as if those also had not been marked with reprobation, and without admitting that the censure was merited, or hoping that it might work amendment, complains in the bitterest terms of malignity, and rouses his country to revenge!

Which, then, we would ask, is the most fair and reasonable, or which the most truly patriotic?—We, who, admitting our own manifold faults and corruptions, testifying loudly against them, and feeling grateful to any foreign auxiliary who will help us to *reason*, to *rail*, or to *shame* our countrymen out of them, are willing occasionally to lend a similar assistance to others, and speak freely and fairly of what appear to us to be the faults and errors, as well as the virtues and merits, of all who may be in any way affected by our observations;—or Mr. Walsh, who will admit *no* faults in his own country, and *no* good qualities in ours—sets down the more extensive of our domestic crimes to their corresponding objects abroad, to the score of national rancour and partiality; and can find no better use for their mutual admonitions, which should lead to mutual amendment or generous emulation, than to improve them into occasions of mutual animosity and deliberate hatred?

This extreme impatience, even of merited blame from the mouth of a stranger—this still more extraordinary abstinence from any hint or acknowledgment of error on the part of her intelligent defender, is a trait too remarkable not to call for some observation;—and we think we can see in it one of the worst and most unfortunate consequences of a republican government. It is the misfortune of sovereigns in general, that they are fed with flattery till they loathe the wholesome truth, and come to resent, as the bitterest of all offences, any insinuation of their errors, or intimation of their dangers. But of all sovereigns, *the sovereign people* is most obnoxious to this corruption, and most fatally injured by its prevalence. In America, every thing depends on their suffrages, and their favour and support; and accordingly it would appear, that they are pampered with constant adulation, from the rival suitors for their favour—so that no one will venture to tell them of their faults: and moralists, even of the austere character of Mr. W., dare not venture to whisper a syllable to their pre-



judice. It is thus, and thus only, that we can account for the strange sensitiveness which seems to prevail among them on the lightest sound of disapprobation, and for the acrimony with which, what would pass any where else for very mild admonitions, are repelled and resented. It is obvious, however, that nothing can be so injurious to the character either of an individual or a nation, as this constant cockering of praise; and that the want of any native censor, makes it more a duty for the moralists of other countries to take them under their charge, and let them know now and then what other people say of them.

We are anxious to part with Mr. W. in good humour;—but we must say that we rather wish he would not go on with the work he has begun—at least if it is to be pursued in the spirit which breathes in this. Nor is it so much to his polemic and vindictive tone that we object, as this tendency to adulation, this passionate vapouring rhetorical style of amplifying and exaggerating the felicities of his country. In point of talent and knowledge and industry, we have no doubt that he is eminently qualified for the task—(though we must tell him that he does not write so well now as when he left England)—but no man will ever write a book of authority on the institutions and resources of his country, who does not add some of the virtues of a censor to those of a patriot—or rather, who does not feel, that the noblest, as well as the most difficult part of patriotism, is that which prefers his country's *good* to its *favour*, and is more directed to reform its vices, than to cherish the pride of its virtues. With foreign nations, too, this tone of fondness and self-admiration is always suspected, and most commonly ridiculous—while the calm and steady claims of merit that are interspersed with acknowledgments of faults, are sure to obtain credit, and to raise the estimation both of the writer and of his country.

And now we must at length close this very long article—the very length and earnestness of which, we hope, will go some way to satisfy our American brethren of the importance we attach to their good opinion, and the anxiety we feel to prevent any national repulsion from being aggravated by a misapprehension of our sentiments, or rather of those of that great body of the English nation of which we are here the organ. In what we have now written, there may be much that requires explanation—and much, we fear, that is liable to misconstruction.—*The spirit* in which it is written, however, cannot, we think, be misunderstood. We cannot descend to little cavils and altercations; and have no leisure to maintain a controversy about words and phrases. We have an unfeigned respect and affection for the free people of America; and we mean honestly to pledge ourselves for that of the better part of our own country. We are very proud of the extensive circulation of our Journal in that great country, and the importance that is there attached to it. But we should be undeserving of this favour, if we could submit to seek it by any mean practices, either of flattery or of dissimulation; and feel persuaded that we shall not only best deserve, but most surely obtain, the confidence and respect of Mr. W. and his countrymen, by speaking freely what we sincerely think of them—and treating them exactly as we treat that nation, to which we are here accused of being too favourable.

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ART. II.—*Description of Odessa.*

[From the German of Dr. Meissner, lately published at Halle.]

THOSE who visit Odessa for commercial purposes, usually travel by sea, while those who visit it for the sake of the baths, generally go by land. The latter mode of travelling is attended by many inconveniences: in the *Steppes*,\* it is very difficult to obtain a sufficient number of horses. If a

\* The Russian Deserts.



party choose to travel in the Polish fashion, that is to say, in the form of a small caravan, they employ hired horses, and take along with them every thing that may be requisite for the space of four or five days: this supply includes not only provisions, but also water and wood. The latter articles are greatly needed by the colonists, with whom the Russian government has endeavoured to people the Steppes; though they have, it is true, in some measure supplied the want of water by means of cisterns, and have substituted dry dung for fuel. I know of nothing more tedious than travelling across the Steppes, those immeasurable levels, bounded only by the horizon. At sea, the element itself, the activity of the ship's crew, and in calm weather, the anxiety for a favourable gale, contribute to keep the mind unceasingly employed. But the monotony of immense plains, covered only with grass and gigantic thistles, is in the highest degree oppressive to the senses. It is seldom that even a solitary, mishapen tree, marks the spot where the colonist has constructed his hut, half buried under ground. Troops, and the *Bands of the Steppes*, as they are called, are the only occupants of this soil, which is fertile, though the present, as well as the next generation, must labour hard for its cultivation ere their posterity can hope to derive from it the means of subsisting with comfort. To the above wants, may be added that of materials for building, which are only to be procured at Severinowka, a place belonging to count Severin Potocki; it furnishes a light calcareous kind of stone, of which Odessa is principally built.

When it is recollected that thirty years ago, the inhabitants of this place lived beneath tents, and that from the village and the little Tartar fort of the inlet of Kadjabey, a town has risen whose population is calculated at 28,000; the rapidity of the improvement naturally excites astonishment. Odessa is most advantageously situated for trade; it lies



between the mouths of two important rivers, the Dnieper and the Dniester, about six miles distant from each, and vessels readily seek shelter in the bay against the storms which render navigation so dangerous in the Black Sea. In the year 1796, the town received its present name from the empress Catharine; but it owes its prosperity to the emperor Alexander, who appointed the duke de Richelieu to be governor of Bessarabia and the Crimea. The duke watched over the welfare of Odessa with paternal tenderness; the population continued to increase every year, and it was not until he had insured the happiness of thousands that he left the place, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of both rich and poor.

The situation of Odessa is by no means picturesque, the houses of the town extend as far as the Steppes, and the sea-shore is flat and without vegetation. In dry weather the dust is unbearable, and in the rainy season the unpaved streets are covered with deep mud. The mixture of oriental dresses, manners, and languages, however, presents a most lively and novel picture. A stranger might imagine himself transported into one of the trading towns of the Levant; for though the majority of the population are Russians, yet the Greeks and Karailes (a Jewish sect from some of the eastern countries) are exceedingly numerous. Their bazaars contain all the produce of the East, from shawls down to rose-pastilles; and the Italian language is universally understood. On festival days the liberal minded merchants here permit a species of amusement, which the oppressors of the Greeks do not suffer them to enjoy in their native country, namely, a dramatic performance in the modern Greek language. The piece which I saw represented, certainly bore even less resemblance to the ancient Greek drama, than the performers did to their glorious ancestors; it was a translation from a Russian play. I was, however, much pleased to hear, in the recitation of the actors, those

harmonious tones, which I had never been able to discover in the common conversation of the modern Greeks; the *ore rotundo loqui* was the only circumstance which served to remind me of the ancient Hellas.

With respect to diversity of languages, nothing can be more interesting than the conversation-rooms of the Quarantine Establishment at Odessa. They consist of long galleries, five or six feet in breadth, with a partition on either side. Behind one of these barriers, are the foreigners of the Quarantine house, and behind the other the merchants of the town. In general, foreigners are not detained here until it be ascertained that they are free from all plague infection. As soon as their ships are laden with grain, they are permitted to depart, and from behind the partitions above mentioned, they transact business with the inhabitants of the town. I happened to be at Odessa in the year 1816, a period when many countries were visited by scarcity, and Russia, through her superabundance, was destined to supply the greater part of Europe. Upwards of 300 vessels of all countries were constantly lying in the harbour waiting to take in their cargoes. In the Quarantine Establishment, almost all the languages of Europe and of the East resounded at the same moment, whilst every one endeavoured to drown the voice of his neighbour, and the inhabitant of the South accompanied every word with an expressive gesture. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of the lines of Dante:—

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Facevan un tumulto, il qual s'aggira  
Sempre in quel aria.

In the years 1812 and 1813, 3000 of the inhabitants of Odessa were carried off by the plague. It is said, that a Turk, who escaped quarantine, spread the infection among the dancers of the Opera. Another more poetic story, is



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that a swallow lighted on a ship that had the plague on board, and carried off some feathers for her nest. Some time after, a child picked up a young swallow which had fallen from this very nest, and his whole family were immediately infected. The nature of the disease was not immediately known; but the plague soon spread over a great part of the surrounding country.

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ART. III.—*Remarks made on a short Tour between Hartford and Quebec, in the Autumn of 1819.* By the Author of a Journal of Travels in England, &c. New Haven, 1820.

AT a period when the American press is so remarkably barren, it is gratifying to hail the appearance of a volume so attractive. Very neat printing, fine paper, and pretty engravings, claim at first sight a favourable attention; and the name of the author, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, is a warrant for perfect veracity, at least, if not for tasteful description.

It is said to be the cardinal error in the scheme of instruction pursued at the very valuable seminary, that has the benefit of Mr. Silliman's talents, to condemn unduly and immoderately the lighter studies of the belles lettres, while the physical sciences are alone respected as worthy of earnest attention. For the fact we do not vouch, but this volume is in some degree calculated to strengthen such opinions, by the manifest and lamentable disregard evinced by its learned author, for all elegance, grace, or even purity of diction. Yet as the real observations of a sensible and accomplished traveller, the true relation of occurrences, and the unvarnished description of interesting objects, the 'Remarks' deserve and will repay an attentive perusal. We subjoin some of the most interesting portions of the work; confining our extracts however to what may be amusing to general readers, and omitting the geological information which though valuable in it-



self, will find a more appropriate place in the journals devoted to the '*Musas severiores*.'

1. *Monte Video, the seat of Mr. Wadsworth, in Connecticut.*—  
'After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods, brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance, by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike road is continued. From this plain, the traveller who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods, by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east, by the ridge, which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs, to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

'At the end of a mile and an half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description, you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country residence.

'Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left, and you look almost perpendicularly, into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which although apparently within reach, is six hundred and forty feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has, until now, been your boundary, and seemed an impassible barrier, suddenly breaks off, and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half a mile, in bold gray masses, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by forest trees, above which appears a tower, of the same colour as the rocks.



‘ The space or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake, of the purest water, nearly half a mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or tenant’s house and extending half a mile, is a scene of cultivation, uninclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees, that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path, leaving the carriage road, passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs, on which the tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the north extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees, standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side, during the warm weather, forming at that season, a delightful summer house, and in the winter, being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path which beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction, and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge, to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments, and massy ruins, around and below you.

‘ From this place you have a view of the lake, of the boat at anchor on its surface, gay with its streamers, and snowy awning: of the white building at the north extremity of the water, and, (rising immediately above it,) of forest trees, and bold rocks, intermingled with each other, and surmounted by the tower.

‘To the west, the lawn rises gradually from the water, until it reaches the portico of the house, near the brow of the mountain, beyond which, the western valley is again seen.

‘To the east and north, the eye wanders over the great valley of Connecticut river, to an almost boundless distance, until the scene fades away, among the blue and indistinct mountains of Massachusetts.

‘The carriage road, leaving the two foot-paths, (just described,) at the gate, passes the cottage and its appendages, inclining at first down towards the water, and then following the undulations of the ground, where the ascent is the easiest, winds gently up to the flat on which the house stands. Along this road the house, the tower, the lake, &c. occasionally appear and disappear, through the openings in the trees; in some parts of it, all these objects are shut from your view, and in no part is the distant view seen, until passing through the last group of shrubbery near the house, you suddenly find yourself within a few yards of the brow of the mountain, and the valley with all its distinct minuteness, immediately below, where every object is as perfectly visible, as if placed upon a map. Through the whole of this lovely scene, which appears a perfect garden, the Farmington river pursues its course, sometimes sparkling through imbowering trees, then stretching in a direct line, bordered with shrubbery, blue, and still, like a clear canal, or bending in graceful sweeps, round white farm houses, or through meadows of the deepest green.

‘The view from the house towards the east, presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore, by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with forest trees, from amongst which, a road is seen to issue, passing to the south along the brink of the water, and although perfectly safe, ap-



pears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

‘ Every thing in this view, is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion; for, beyond the water, and the open ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near, that with the aid only of a common spy-glass, you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighbouring village, even to the frolics of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls, seeking their food, or watching over, and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium, the mingled sounds, occasioned by preparation for the rural occupations of the day.

‘ From the boat or summer house, several paths diverge; one of which, leading to the northeast, after passing through a narrow defile, is divided into two branches; the first passes round the lake, and generally out of sight of it, for a quarter of a mile, until descending a very steep bank, through a grove of evergreens, so dark as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun, even at noon day, it brings you suddenly and unexpectedly, out, upon the eastern margin of the water, into the same road which was seen from the opposite side, and from thence along it, to the cottage, beyond the foot of the south rock. The other branch of the path, after leaving the defile, passes to the east side of the northern



ridge, and thence you ascend through the woods, to its summit, where it terminates at the tower, standing within a few rods of the edge of the precipice. The tower is a hexagon, of sixteen feet, diameter, and fifty-five feet high; the ascent, of about eighty steps, on the inside, is easy, and from the top which is nine hundred and sixty feet above the level of Connecticut river, you have at one view, all those objects which have been seen separately from the different stations below. The diameter of the view in two directions, is more than ninety miles, extending into the neighbouring states of Massachusetts and New York, and comprising the spires of more than thirty of the nearest towns and villages. The little spot of cultivation surrounding the house, and the lake at your feet, with its picturesque appendages of boat, winding paths, and Gothic buildings, shut in by rocks and forests, compose the fore-ground of this grand panorama.

‘On the western side, the Farmington valley appears, in still greater beauty than even from the lower brow, and is seen to a greater extent, presenting many objects which were not visible from any other quarter. On the east, is spread before you, the great plain through which the Connecticut river winds its course, and upon the borders of which the towns and villages are traced for more than forty miles. The most considerable place within sight, is Hartford, where, although at the distance of eight miles in a direct line, you see, with the aid of a glass, the carriages passing at the intersection of the streets, and distinctly trace the motion and position of the vessels, as they appear, and vanish, upon the river, whose broad sweeps are seen like a succession of lakes, extending through the valley. The whole of this magnificent picture, including in its vast extent, cultivated plains and rugged mountains, rivers, towns, and villages, is encircled by a distant outline of blue mountains, rising in shapes of endless variety.’

*Massacre of Miss M'Crea.*—‘The story of this unfortunate young lady is well known, nor should I mention it now, but for the fact, that the place of her murder was pointed out to us, near Fort Edward.

‘We saw, and conversed with a person, who was acquainted with her, and with her family; they resided in the village of Fort Edward.

‘It seems, she was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne’s army, and being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he despatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and his gallantry, that he did not go himself, or at least that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

‘Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, she committed herself to the care of these fiends;—strange infatuation in her lover, to solicit such a confidence—stranger presumption in her, to yield to his wishes; what treatment had she not a right to expect from such guardians!

‘The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded, not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring, and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the mean time, despatched a second party of Indians, on the same errand; they came, at the unfortunate moment, to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued, as to the promised reward.\*

‘Both parties were now attacked, by the whites, and at the end of the conflict, the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped and (as is said,) tied fast to a pine tree just by the spring. Tradition reports, that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

\* Which is said to have been a barrel of rum.



‘This beautiful spring, which still flows limpid and cool, from a bank near the road side, and this fatal tree we saw. The tree which is a large and ancient pine, “fit for the mast of some tall ammiral,” is wounded, in many places, by the balls of the whites, fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in this ancient tree, which seems a striking emblem, of wounded innocence, and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation, by some violent wind, that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M’Crea.

‘Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot, without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness.

‘The murder of Miss M’Crea, (a deed of such atrocity and cruelty as scarcely to admit of aggravation,) occurring as it did, at the moment when general Burgoyne, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American states, hordes of savages, “those hell-hounds of war,” whose known and established mode of warfare, were those of promiscuous massacre, electrified the whole continent, and indeed, the civilized world, producing an universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance, and in a severe, but, *too personal* remonstrance, which he addressed to general Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities. His *real guilt*, or that of his government, was, *in employing the savages at all* in the war; in other respects he appears to have had no concern with the transaction; in his reply to general Gates, he thus vindicates himself: “In regard to Miss M’Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have laboured to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me, as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no

premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off, for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion, in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though, to have punished him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischief.'

*Montreal.*—At the village of Longueuil, or a little before arriving there, we caught the first view of Montreal. The first impression of this city is very pleasing. In its turrets and steeples, glittering with tin; in its thickly built streets, stretching between one and two miles along the river, and rising gently from it; in its environs, ornamented with country houses and green fields; in the noble expanse of the St. Lawrence, sprinkled with islands; in its foaming and noisy rapids; and in the bold ridge of the mountain, which forms the back ground of the city, we recognize all the features necessary to a rich and magnificent landscape, and perceive among these indications, decisive proof of a flourishing inland emporium.

'If we experienced some elevation of feeling at the first view of the St. Lawrence, we were not likely to have our pride cherished by the means which conveyed us over this mighty river. Two Canadian boatmen ferried us over in a canoe, hollowed out of a single log. Our baggage being duly placed, we were desired to sit, face to face, on some clean straw placed on boards which lay across the bottom of the boat; we were situated thus low, that our weight might not



disturb the balance of the canoe, and we were requested to sit perfectly still. Our passage was to be nearly three miles obliquely up stream, and a part of the way against some powerful rapids.

‘Between us and Montreal, considerably up the stream, lay the brilliant island of St. Helena. It is elevated, commands a fine view of the city, is strongly marked by entrenchments, is fertile, and covered in part with fine timber. It is a domain, and we were much struck with the beautiful situation of the house on the south side of the island, belonging to the baroness Lonqueil. With the island and river, it would form a fine subject for a picture.

‘Our boatmen conveyed us, without much difficulty, to the southern point of this island, between which, and the city, owing to the compression of the river by the island, a powerful rapid rushes along, with much agitation, and a current, which it is very difficult to stem. At the point of the island, particularly, a branch of the river, confined by rocks, dashes along, almost with the rapidity of water, bursting from a flood gate. Through this strait, it was necessary to pass, and, for some time, the boat went back, and even after landing us on the island, the canoe was coming around, broadside to the current, when we were apprehensive that our baggage must be thrown into the river; but, by main strength, they pushed the boat through this torrent, and along the shore of the island, till the rapid became so moderate, that they ventured again to take us in, and push for the city. It took these poor fellows a toilsome hour to convey us over, and they demanded but a pittance for their services.

‘We mounted a steep slippery bank, from the river, and found ourselves in one of the principal streets of the city. It required no powerful effort of the imagination, to conceive that we were arrived in Europe. A town, compactly built of stone, without wood or brick, indicating permanency, and

even a degree of antiquity, presenting some handsome public and private buildings, an active and numerous population, saluting the ear with two languages, but principally with the French—every thing seems foreign, and we easily feel that we are a great way from home.

‘ The mighty outlet of the most magnificent collection of inland waters in the world, the North American lakes—individually, like seas—collectively, covering the area of an empire; already enlivened by the sales of commerce, and recently awed by the thunder of contending navies; bordered by thriving villages and settlements, and hereafter to be surrounded by populous towns and cities, and countries; associated as this river is with such realities, and with such anticipations, it is impossible to approach the St. Lawrence, with ordinary feelings, or to view it as merely a river of primary magnitude.

‘ Already, the two great cities of Canada are erected on its borders; Europe sends her fleets to Quebec, and even to Montreal; nearly two hundred miles of intervening water, are now daily passed between the cities, by steam boats, some of which are as large in tonnage as Indiamen, or sloops of war. It is now, no very difficult task, to be wafted on the St. Lawrence from lake Ontario to the Ocean, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, or from Niagara, which differs little from one thousand, and the entire range from lake Superior, is two thousand.

‘ In that part of the St. Lawrence, which, within a week, we have now twice passed, there are fewer observations to be made than on many routes much less extensive, and on many rivers of much inferior magnitude. This arises from the great sameness, which prevails along the banks. They appear to be very generally alluvial; extensively they are so low that they seem, in many places, hardly to form an adequate barrier against the occasional swelling and overflow of the great river, which they limit; indeed, it is difficult always



to convince ones self, that they are not, here and there, actually lower than the river; of rocks, till we come within a few miles of Quebec, there are hardly any to be seen, and yet it is obvious that there are rocks in the vicinity, because the houses are often constructed of stone; for many miles from Montreal, on the way to Quebec, the banks are little else than damp meadows, resembling Holland extremely; sometimes the shores recede in natural terraces, and retiring platforms, placed, one above another, till the last visible one forms a high ridge; at other times, precipitous banks, cut down as it were by art, exhibit strata of gravel and clay and sand—forming distinct and often variously coloured layers; the forests are usually removed from the immediate margin of the river, and the verdure is in most places rich and lively.

‘ The average width of the river, between Montreal and Quebec, appears to be about two miles; but it is extremely irregular; sometimes it does not exceed half a mile, or three fourths of a mile, but this is true only near Quebec and at a few other places; at other times, it becomes two, three, or more miles wide. I have already mentioned, that in the lake of St. Peter, as it is called, a few miles above the town of Three Rivers, an expansion of the river takes place, so that for more than twenty miles, its breadth is nine or ten miles.

‘ The current is considerable—probably three miles an hour, generally, but in some places it has apparently, double that force, and the river, instead of flowing, as it commonly does, with an unruffled surface, becomes perturbed, and hurries along with murmurs and eddies, and in a few places, with foam and breakers.

‘ This is particularly the case at the Richelieu rapids, fifty miles above Quebec, where the river is compressed within half a mile, and the navigable part within much less; numerous rocks, which appear to be principally large rolled masses, form, when the water is low, as it was when we passed,

a terrific reef, and when the river is up, a dangerous concealed enemy. Through these rapids, (as was mentioned on the passage down,) the steam boats dare not go in the night, and the instance in which it is said to have been done, was to carry to Quebec, the news of the duke of Richmond's death. The speed of the steam boat had, however, been surpassed by that of the land messenger, who had already arrived with the gloomy news. At the lower end of the town of Montreal, the stream, compressed by the island of St. Helena, is so impetuous, that the steam boats, which every where else can stem the current, are here obliged to anchor, and procure the aid of oxen; four yoke were employed, with a drag rope, to draw the *Malsham*—the boat in which we came up to Montreal, through this pass; it is however, not half a mile, that the river is so rapid; for after passing this place, steam carries the boats on again to their moorings, at the upper end of the town. It requires a very strong wind to carry vessels with sails against this current. I saw some vessels here which enjoyed this advantage, and for one hour, I could not perceive that they made any head way.

‘ The population on the river is very considerable, nearly all the way between the two cities, so that on both sides, houses or villages are almost constantly in view. There are, however, but two towns of any magnitude, both of which have been mentioned—*Sorel*, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and which connects lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles below Montreal, and the *Trois Rivières* or *Three Rivers*, half way between Quebec and Montreal. This large town derives its whimsical name, from the fact that the river St. Maurice, which empties here, is divided at its mouth, by little islands, into three parts, so that there seem to be three rivers instead of one.

‘ Most of the houses on both banks of the St. Lawrence, as well as in the vicinity of Quebec, are white, roof and all; the roofs of houses in Canada, being, frequently protected



from fire, as well as beautified, by a white wash of salt and lime or of lime only, which is renewed every year.

‘There are many villages on the river, some are large and populous, and most of them are furnished with pretty, and a few with grand churches; they have from one spire to three, and having generally a brilliant covering of tin, both on the roofs and spires, they blaze in the sun, and even at the distance of miles, dazzle the eyes of the beholder. Some other public buildings, and the best private houses on the banks, are occasionally covered in the same manner. Most of the cottages are only one story high, and are small; but, large and good houses, appearing like the residences of the seigneurs and other country gentlemen, are hardly ever out of sight. The banks of the St. Lawrence, thus verdant and beautiful from cultivation, and decked every where with brilliant white houses, and pretty villages, impress a traveller very pleasantly, although he finds but little variety in the views. I have omitted to mention, that from the rapids of Richelieu, going down the river, the banks almost immediately become considerably more elevated.’

‘On leaving the city, this morning, we passed again to Longueuil, but not in so frail a bark, as before. We were conveyed in a horse boat, worked by ten horses, and which, when we entered, had just discharged sixteen carts and calashes, besides people and cattle, other than those belonging to these vehicles. We crossed lower down, and in deeper water, than we had passed in the canoe.

‘The view of the town, when we were receding, as well as when we were advancing, was very fine. It stretches about two miles along the St. Lawrence, and it scarcely equals half a mile in breadth. The bank of the river is considerably elevated, and the ground, although not very uneven, rises gradually from the water, into a moderate ridge—then sinks into a hollow, and then rises again, with more rapidity, till it finishes, less than a mile and a half from the

town, in one of the finest hills that can be imagined. This hill is called the mountain of Montreal, and indeed, from it the town derives its name; the words originally signified, as is said, the Royal Mountain. This mountain rises five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river.

‘ It forms a steep and verdant barrier, covered with shrubbery, and crowned with trees, and is a most beautiful background for the city.

‘ Its form, as it appears from the river, is nearly that of a bow. We rode up, across the southern end of it, behind the beautiful seat of the Hon. Mr. M’Gillivray. I afterwards ascended it on foot, in company with an English gentleman, and walked the length of its ridge. The view is one of the finest that can be seen in any country. Immediately at our feet, the city of Montreal is in full view, with its dazzling tin covered roofs, and spires, and its crowded streets; the noble St. Lawrence, stretching away to the right and left, is visible, probably for fifty miles, and on both sides of it, and for a very great width, particularly on the south, one of the most luxuriant champaign countries in the world, is spread before the observer. The mountains of Belœil, Chambly, and a few others, occur upon this vast plain, but, in general, it is not interrupted, till it reaches the territories of the United States, in which we discern the mountains of Vermont and New York.

‘ In our rear, we saw the Ottawa or Grand River, and its branches, which, uniting, and becoming blended with the St. Lawrence, divide the island of Montreal from the main.

‘ Nothing is wanting, to render the mountain of Montreal a charming place for pedestrian excursions, and for rural parties, but a little effort, and expense in cutting and clearing winding walks, and in removing a few trees from the principal points of view, (as they now form a very great obstruction;) a lodge, or resting place, on the mountain, construct-



ed so as to be ornamental, would also be a desirable addition.

‘ On the front declivity of the mountain, is a beautiful cylinder of lime stone, or gray marble, erected on a pedestal; the entire height of both appeared to be about thirty-five feet. It rises from among the trees, by which it is surrounded, and is a monument to the memory of Simon M<sup>c</sup>Tavish, Esq. who died about fourteen years since, and was, in a sense, the founder of the North Western Company. Just below, is a handsome mausoleum, of the same materials, containing his remains; and, still lower down the mountain, an unfinished edifice of stone, erected by the same gentleman, which, had he lived to complete it, would have been one of the finest in the vicinity of Montreal. It is now fast becoming a ruin, although it is enclosed and roofed in, and the windows are built up with masonry. It would have been a superb house, if finished according to the original plan.’

*Quebec.*—This seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of more than two centuries—formerly the seat of a French empire in the west—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock, and defended by all the proud defiance of war—who could approach such a city without emotion?—Who in America has not longed to cast his eyes on the water-girt rocks and towers of Quebec!

‘ On approaching this city, about the middle of the day, we enjoyed the most propitious circumstances of light and weather.

‘ From Cape Rouge, on our left, (seven miles above Quebec,) there is an uninterrupted range of high ground, rising even into hills and precipices. Cape Rouge is so called, from its red colour—the precipitous bank being stained, probably by oxid of iron, so as to give it, for miles, a reddish hue.

‘ The land grew higher and higher; we passed the mouth of the Chaudiere river, six miles from Quebec, on our right

where a number of ships were waiting to take in timber, and we watched every moment, for the appearance of the great fortress of the north, while one of our military acquaintances pointed out to us the various interesting objects, as we came up with them in succession. At length we descried the towers of Quebec, standing on a rock of three hundred and forty feet in height, measured from the river.

‘I have already remarked that the banks (especially the north one) are for miles above the city, very precipitous, and they grow more so the nearer we approach. About two miles from Quebec we were shown Sillery river and cove, and within one mile, or a mile and a half of the city, Wolfe’s cove, now filled with lumber and ships. This name has been derived, from the fact, that here general Wolfe, under cover of night, landed his army, unperceived by the French, and clambering up the precipice, gained the heights of Abraham.

‘Three round towers of stone, mounted with canon and standing on these heights, in advance of the other works of Quebec, are the first objects that strike the eye; then the high walls of stone, covered with heavy artillery, and which, as we come nearer to the city, we perceive to extend all along, upon the verge of the precipice, of naked rock, of more than three hundred feet in height, which divides the lower from the upper town. On our right, was the ground on the south eastern side of the river, called point Levi. This also is a precipice of rock, but rather less elevated than Cape Diamond, on which the citadel of Quebec is built. Point Levi is now covered with brilliant white houses. In the year 1759, general Monckton, by order of general Wolfe, erected his batteries there, to bombard Quebec.’

‘Arrived in the bay of Quebec, we found it swarming with ships, and presenting every appearance of a great seat of commerce. The bay is a beautiful piece of water, looking like a perfect lake, with most nobly formed swelling shores.



—It is bounded by the ground just mentioned—by the Isle of Orleans, four miles down the river, and by a delightful country, on the north and north east, intersected by the Montmorenci and St. Charles' rivers, which fall into the bay; the ground slopes with charming declivity to the water, around which it sweeps gracefully like a bow, and presents in a long circuit, so many snow white cottages—handsome country houses, and fine populous villages, that it seems for leagues, almost one continued street. The land is finely cultivated, and even now, is covered with the deepest verdure and sprinkled with dandelions in full bloom. Back of this fine amphitheatre of rural beauty, ranges of mountains, stretch their shaggy summits and limit the view. The harbour is one of the grandest imaginable, and the whole scene resembles extremely the pictures of the bay of Naples, to which it is said by competent judges, to bear a strong resemblance. We had scarcely time to admire this fine scene, before we were moored at the dock in the lower town, in the midst of all the din of a crowded port.—While we were waiting for the necessary arrangements to land, we had a few moments to contemplate the new scene before us. Contiguous, was the lower town, skirting the upper, and embracing the feet of its rocky precipices. It makes a circuit of, I should imagine, almost two miles, and is crowded in the most compact manner possible, on a narrow strip of land, between the precipices and the St. Lawrence. The houses are so far below the walls of the upper town, that a stone could be dropped into the chimnies of the nearest, and it would in most places fall two or three hundred feet in the air before it reached its object.

One of the most striking object before our eyes was the castle of St. Louis—the residence of the governor. It is a hundred and sixty-two feet long, forty-five broad, and three stories high. It stands (almost impending over the lower town) upon the very verge of the giddy precipice of two

hundred feet in height, and lofty pillars are built up from the rock below to support its gallery, which runs the whole length of the building. It is a plain yellow structure of stone, and now exhibits no appearance of a castle although it was a fortress under the French government.

‘ From the castle an observer may look down perpendicularly upon the houses of the lower town and see all the confusion, even to the motion of a dog; all the offensive as well as agreeable objects of a crowded port—the grotesque assemblage of buildings, peculiar (as is said) to an old French town; he may hear the rumbling of carts and drays and the jargon of different languages, and he will inhale the smoke and gases from a crowd of chimnies, rising to the foot of the building on which he stands.

‘ On the right of the castle, the massy walls appear again, and the black artillery, pointing over the parapet, look like beasts of prey, crouching and ready to leap upon their victims.’

‘ The first street of the lower town, along which we passed, came to an abrupt termination, the last house standing at the foot of the precipice, when, turning suddenly to the right, into a street, one of whose sides was overhung by the frowning rock, we soon came to a foot passage of stairs, made of plank, very steep and high, and furnished with iron railings; this passage terminated in Mountain street, as it is called, from the steepness of the ascent. It is the only passage from this side into the upper town, and it was by no means an easy task to ascend it, even on a good foot pavement.

‘ In the mean time, we admired the strength and agility of the little Canadian horses, which, with heavily loaded carts at their heels, perseveringly scramble up this arduous ascent, and with still greater care and firmness, sustain their ponderous vehicles when descending, and prevent them from



hurrying themselves and their burdens, headlong, down the steep.

‘The castle of St. Louis, (literally a castle in the air,) was now seen immediately above our heads, on the left, at the distance of two hundred and fifty feet. It is completely on the edge of the precipice, which overhangs the lower town, and from its dangerous pre-eminence, appears ready to participate in the destruction which it seems threatening to all below.

‘We now passed the grand Prescott Gate, under ponderous arches of stone, of great thickness and weight, and entered the upper town.

‘The impression of every thing was completely foreign from any thing that we see in the United States. Buildings of wood, and even of brick, are almost entirely unknown. Stone, either rough from the quarry, or covered with white cement, or hewn according to the taste and condition of the proprietor, is almost the only material for building; roofs, in many instances, and *generally* on the better sort of buildings, glittering with tin plates, with which they are neatly covered; and turrets and steeples, pouring a flood of light from the same substance: these are among the first things that strike the eyes of a stranger entering the city of Quebec.

‘If from the United States, he sees a new population, and, to a great extent, a completely foreign people, with French faces and French costume; the French language salutes his ear, as the common tongue of the streets and shops: in short, he perceives that even in the very capital, there is only a sprinkling of English population; it is still a French city, and the Cathedral, the extensive College of the Jesuits, now used for barracks, and most of the public buildings and private houses, are French. He sees troops mingled, here and there, with the citizens; he perceives the British uniform, and the German in the British service, which remind him that the country has masters different from the mass of its popula-

tion, and although the military are, obviously, not subjects of terror to the citizens, the first impression borders on melancholy, when we see these memorials of an empire fallen, and of an empire risen in its stead. Sixty years have done little towards obliterating the Gallic features of the country, and with a pleasure very rarely experienced, in similar cases, we involuntarily revolve in our minds, *here is a country conquered, although not oppressed.*

Trumpets, and bugles, and French horns now startle us with a sudden burst of martial music, and we can hardly believe that we are not arrived in a fortified town of Europe.

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It was a fine morning, (October 7th,) and, as we were about to avail ourselves of this favourable weather, to visit some parts of the environs of Quebec, I will first describe our carriage, which was "*the Canadian calash.*"

'This is not unlike an American chaise or gig, but is built much stouter, and with or without a top, the horse is much farther from the body of the carriage, and this allows room for a driver, whose seat rests on the front or foot board, of that part of the vehicle in which we ride; this foot board, after sloping, in the usual manner, then rises perpendicularly, to such a height as to sustain the seat; high sides are also furnished to the part where the feet rest in a common chaise, and thus children and baggage are secured from falling out. The calash carries two grown persons on the seat within, besides the driver, who is often a man; his seat, and the board which supports it fall, by means of hinges, when the passengers are to get in, and the board and seat are then hooked up again to their place, when the driver mounts. In such a machine, which is the most common vehicle of the country, and is sometimes, as in the present instance, made *clumsily* handsome, we made our first excursion from Quebec.



*Duke of Richmond.*—‘The person who showed us the castle, and who, as we were informed, belonged to the duke’s household, gave us the following account. It seems that the duke had a little dog, to which he was immoderately attached; the dog’s name was Blucher, and Blucher, we were told, was caressed with such fondness, that he slept with his master, and was affectionately addressed, by the appellation of “my dear Blucher.”

‘This idolized animal was bitten in the neck by another dog, afterwards ascertained to be mad—the rencounter took place in the court-yard of the palace, and the duke, in whose presence it occurred, full of compassion for his poor dog, caught him up in his arms, and applied his own lips to the part bitten; others, as well as this man, have informed us, that it was thus the duke imbibed the poison, some say through a cut in his lip, made by his razor, or through an accidental crack. The duke continued to sleep with the dog, which had not then, however, exhibited signs of madness.

‘There are other persons, and, among them, some highly respectable men, attached to the army, who deny the above, and say that the duke was bitten by a rabid fox, on board the steam-boat; the fox and dog, it is said, were quarrelling, and the duke interfered, to part them. Others assert, that the duke put his hand into the cage, where the fox was confined; and all who impute the event to the fox, declare that the hurt, which was on a finger, was so extremely slight, as not to be noticed at the time, nor thought of afterwards, till the hydrophobia came on.

‘At the mansion house in Montreal, where the duke always lodged, when in that city, we were assured by a respectable person in the house, that the duke certainly got his poison from his own dog; that this story was told him by the servants of the duke, when they returned with the dead body; and, what is more, that he saw the letter which the duke wrote to his own daughter, the lady Mary, after his

symptoms had manifested themselves, and when he was in immediate expectation of death. In this letter, the duke reminded his daughter of the incident which was related to us at the palace. Which ever story is true, it would appear that the duke came by his death in consequence of his attachment to his dog, and, surely never was a valuable life more unhappily sacrificed.

‘The duke was up the country, near the Ottawa river, when the fatal symptoms appeared, but he persevered in his expedition—travelled thirty miles on foot, the day before he died—concealed his complaint, and opposed it as long as possible—wrote his final farewell to the lady Mary, and the other children, in a long letter, which contained particular directions as to the disposition of the family—and met death, we must say, at least, like a soldier, for a soldier he had been the greater part of his life.

‘His complaint manifested itself, in the first instance, by an uneasiness at being upon the water, in the tour which he was taking into the interior, and they were obliged to land him. A glass of wine, presented to him, produced his spasms, although it is said, that, by covering his eyes with one hand, and holding the glass with the other, he succeeded in swallowing the wine; but afterwards, he could bear no liquids, and even the lather used in shaving, distressed him.

‘In the intervals of his spasms, he was wonderfully cool and collected—gave every necessary order to his servants, and to the officers of his suite—opposed the sending for a physician, from Montreal, because, he said, the distance from it to Richmond, where he died, being eighty miles, he should be a dead man, before the physician could arrive, and seemed to contemplate the dreadful fate before him, with the *heroism*, at least, of a martyr.

‘In his turns of delirium, instead of barking and raving, as such patients are said usually to do, he employed himself in arranging his imaginary troops, forming a line of battle,



(for he had been present at many battles, and, last of all, at Waterloo itself,) and gave particular commands to a captain in the navy, who was not present, but whom he called by name, *to fire*—and the command was often, and vehemently repeated. In a soliloquy, overheard but a few minutes before his death, he said, “Charles Lenox, duke of Richmond!—die like a man!—Shall it be said, that Richmond was afraid to meet death—no, never!”

‘I know not what were his grace’s views on topics, more important at such a crisis, than what our fellow men will think of us; but, there was a degree of grandeur, of the heroic kind, in finding a military nobleman, cool and forecasting, in contemplation of one of the most awful of all deaths, and, even in his moments of delirium, like King Lear, raving in a style of sublimity.

‘We were informed, that, even in death, he did not forget Blucher, but ordered that he should be caged, and the event awaited. The dog was carried away with the family, when they sailed for England, although he had previously begun to snap and fly at people.

‘The duke appears to be remembered with affection; he was regarded as a very warm friend to Canada, and all here, believe that he had its interests much at heart, and was actively engaged in promoting them.

‘His family, consisting principally of daughters, young and unmarried, with very slender resources, and in a foreign land, received the appalling news at the castle of St. Louis, and soon the sad tidings were followed by the breathless body.

‘One daughter is married to sir Peregrine Maitland, governor of Upper Canada, and the lady Mary, the eldest of the remaining daughters, is spoken of (although without any intended disparagement to the other children,) in the highest terms. We saw fire screens, prettily inscribed with verses, and ornamented by her hand; and the person who attended

us, gave each of us a walking stick, cut by the duke's own hand, in his last excursion. There was a large bundle of them done up by strings, and it seems it was the duke's custom, when he saw a stick that pleased him, to stop and cut it.

'Sir Peregrine Maitland, and his lady and family, lodged in the same house with us, at Montreal, and appeared plain, unassuming people. While there, they received the calls of the principal military and civil officers, and of the most distinguished private individuals; among the rest, came the veteran soldier of Wolfe, dressed in his scarlet uniform, and in the fashion of other days.'

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#### ART. IV.—*On Pyroligneous Acid.*

THE *National Recorder*, Vol. 6, No. 16, published in this city, mentions professor Goerg (Foerg) of Leipsig, as having proved very satisfactorily, that the vinegar of wood, or pyrolygneous acid, possesses all the antiseptic powers that have been ascribed to it. The importance of this acid to anatomy, domestic economy and medicine, deserves to be more carefully examined, than it has been done in the above mentioned periodical paper, and a designation of the man to be given, to whom we are indebted for this valuable discovery.

Professor Meinicke of Halle, first mentioned the pyroligneous acid, as an antiseptic agent, in the preservation of meat. In his *economic chemical pocket-book*, published in Germany in the year 1815, he says, page 102: 'smoked and tender meat may be obtained of a peculiar and pleasant taste, in a very short time, in diluting it for a few days in wood-vinegar, by which agency it becomes throughout of a red colour, and being afterwards exposed to the air, is soon desiccated.' Meinicke, in consequence of this quotation, has the first claim to the discovery of the use of pyroligneous acid, with regard to its antiseptic powers, and all the incalculable ad-



vantages, which may arise from it for navigation, armies, economical and scientific subjects, are founded on his observation.

But, the state of incompetency, under which both the English and French nations labour, concerning a better knowledge of foreign languages, has sometimes led them into very serious errors, such as to ascribe to themselves a discovery, which had been previously found out by another nation. This was again the case with the use of pyroligneous acid. For, in the year 1819, Mangé, in France, was considered as the happy discoverer of the properties of this acid, against the putrefaction of organic bodies, whilst it was known in Germany three or four years ago, although its extensive qualities were then only employed in domestic economy. Thus, Mangé has the only merit of having enlarged the stock of our knowledge on this subject, of which Dr. Sedillot has given a very favourable account to the French Academy of sciences.

According to this account, the pyroligneous acid has the property of preventing the putrefaction of animal bodies. Meat, which is diluted for a few moments only in the acid, may be preserved to any desirable length of time. Ribs,—cotelettes, liver, kidneys, rabbits, &c. had been preserved in the best state during eleven months, and were as fresh as if they had just been brought from market. Corpses, which had been bathed in this acid, did not show the least trace of dissolution after three weeks time. Commenced putrefaction was immediately suppressed, by its antiseptic virtues.

Encouraged by these results, professor Foerg of Leipsig, began his experiments on the same subject. Several anatomical preparations, which he moistened with wood-vinegar, were immediately prevented from further dissolution, of which remarkable symptoms were perceptible. Pieces of meat, in a sensible state of putrefaction, and dipped in this

acid, were in a short time so much desiccated, as if they had been smoked. *Foerg* likewise observed, that the putrefaction of organic bodies disappears as by a stroke, when this acid is brought in contact with them. Besides, he began to make preparations of mummies with animals, and he entertained no doubt, but he would succeed in his experiments. The results of his observations he intended to publish, at some future period, in a particular dissertation on the subject.

Thus, we have finally discovered the secret of preparing the Egyptian mummies, which have withstood the ruinous influence of thirty centuries. But, in vindicating this discovery as the production of German genius, we must not forget the claim, which the ancients have to its knowledge. I shall therefore quote a passage from *Pliny* the elder, which gives a thorough account how this pyroligneous acid was known amongst them.

‘*Pix liquida in Europa e teda coquitur, navalibus muniendis, multosque, alios ad usus. Lignum ejus concisum, furnis undique igni extra circumdato, fervet. Primus sudor aquae modo fluit canali: hoc in Syria cedrium vocatur: cui tanta vis est, ut in Ægypto corpora hominum defunctorum eo perfusa servantur.* C. *Plinii secundi natur. histor. Lib. xvi. C. xxi.*

It is impossible to state beforehand, how many advantages will be derived from the properties of this acid; but still we may assert with confidence that they will be of great value to mankind. Besides the various occasions, on which I have presented it as very useful, there are favourable results to be expected from it in medicine, in which it has already been successfully employed in the curing of ulcers of a gangrenous nature.

But another point of view upon which I wish to dwell with some particular interest, consists in the experiments which might be made with this acid, in some of the cities of



the United States along the sea-coasts, to prevent infection or to arrest its progress. If for instance, the infection proceed from a cellar, in which a great mass of vegetable or animal matter in putrefaction has produced the infecting atmosphere, let pyroligneous acid be poured in, by which agency the putrefaction will be immediately repressed and the air purified. In all the houses, caves, cellars, and along the wharves, fumigations of this acid, might be used either to prevent infection during the summer months, or to destroy its doleful effects upon the remainder of the city. Vessels, arriving from such foreign places, as are subject to epidemic diseases, might be likewise fumigated with this acid, and it is very probable, that this powerful antiseptic agent, would be of uncommon benefit to the inhabitants on this side of the Atlantic. It would besides create another branch of industry to this country, which might become very profitable.

F. SCHMIDT.

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ART. V.—Extract from the *Diary of an Invalid, being the Journal of a tour in pursuit of Health in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland and France, &c.* Just published by John Murray, London.

DESCRIPTION OF NAPLES, POMPEII, &c.

February 11th. First view of the bay of Naples;—of which the windows of our lodging command a fine prospect.

The weather is beautiful, and as warm as a June day in England. We sit at breakfast, without a fire, on a marble floor,—with the casements open,—enjoying the mild fresh breeze from the sea. The first view of Vesuvius disappoints expectation. You would not know that it was a burning mountain if you were not told so; the smoke has only the appearance of that light passing cloud, which is so often seen hanging on the brow of a hill. Drove after breakfast

to the *Campo di Marte*; where, to my great surprise, I found myself transported ten years backwards, into the middle of old school-fellows.

There was a regular double-wicket cricket match going on;—Eton against the world;—and the world was beaten in one innings! This disposition to carry the amusements of their own country along with them is a striking characteristic of the English. One of them imports a pack of hounds from England to Rome, and hunts regularly during the season, to the great astonishment of the natives.—At Florence, they establish races on the Cascine, after the English manner, and ride their own horses, with the caps and jackets of English jockeys;—and, every where, they make themselves independent of the natives, and rather provide entertainment for themselves, than seek it from the same sources with the people amongst whom they may happen to be. What should we say in London, if the Turks, or the Persians, or the Russians, or the French, were to make Hyde Park the scene of their national pastimes? It is this exclusively national spirit, and the undisguised contempt for all other people, that the English are so accustomed to express in their manner and conduct, which have made us so generally unpopular on the continent. Our hauteur is the subject of universal complaint,—and the complaint seems but too well founded.

The view of Naples, from the hill immediately above it, forms a magnificent *coup d'œil*. It combines all the features of the grand and the splendid;—the town,—the bay,—Vesuvius.—It would be complete, if the sea part of it were more enlivened with shipping.

*February 12th.* Oh this land of zephyrs! Yesterday was as warm as July;—to-day we are shivering, with a bleak easterly wind, and an English black frost. I find we are come to Naples too soon. It would have been quite time enough three months hence. Naples is one of the worst climates in Europe for complaints of the chest; and the win-



ter is much colder here, than at Rome, notwithstanding the latitude. Whatever we may think of sea air in England, the effect is very different here. The sea-breeze in Devonshire is mild and soft,—here, it is keen and piercing; and, as it sets in regularly at noon, I doubt whether Naples can ever be oppressively hot, even in summer.

We are lodged in the house of a bishop;—by which term must not be understood, a personage bearing the slightest resemblance to the dignified character we mean by it in England, but a little dirty looking chocolate-coloured creature, with no single pretension to the appearance of a gentleman. We occupy the whole of his house, except one bed-room, in which *Monsignore* lives like a snail in his shell. He will chatter for two hours, to extract a few carlinii from our pockets; and his great occupation and pleasure consist in scolding his servants;—but some excuse may be made for this, as it is a duty which may seem to devolve upon him, from the law of celibacy.

13th, 14th, and 15th. Confined to the house;—the little bishop endeavours to amuse the hours of my confinement, by exhibiting all his episcopal trappings, which he has done with the same sort of fiddle-faddle vanity, that an old maid of three-score would display the court-dresses of her youth. Nothing would please him but I must try on his mitres, while he stood by giggling and skipping, as if it had been the best joke in the world. He tells me, that he was in attendance upon the pope during his captivity in France; and was a witness of the scene between Napoleon and his holiness, at which it had been erroneously stated, that Napoleon, in the heat of anger, was brutal enough to strike him.

The bishop describes it as an altercation; in which Napoleon exhausted all his efforts, in endeavouring to overcome the pope's objections to signing the treaty, which he, Napoleon, had dictated. The Pope remained firm, declaring that he could sign no treaty but in his own palace at Rome. Irritated by this inflexible opposition, Napoleon burst out

with a *sacre Dieu!* at being thwarted *par un petit Prêtre*, and with ruffian violence, forgetting what was due to the age and character of the venerable Pius, he did, according to the bishop's account, lay hold of the pope's garments:—but without striking him.

The little bishop, it seems, had a great curiosity to see England, and begged hard of Napoleon, for permission to make a visit to London for a few weeks; Napoleon, however, would never consent; but used to pull him playfully by the ear, and tell him, that he would be corrupted, and converted, in our island of heretics.

16th. Spring again.—Delightful lounging day. The noise of Naples is enough to drive a nervous man mad. It would be difficult to imagine the eternal bustle and worry of the streets;—the people bawling and roaring at each other in all directions;—beggars soliciting your charity with one hand, while they pick your pocket of your handkerchief with the other;—and the carriages cutting their way through the crowd, with which the streets are thronged, with a fearful rapidity. It requires the patience of Job to carry on any dealings with the people, who are a most unconscionable set; every bargain is a battle, and it seems to be an established rule, to ask, on all occasions, three times as much as is just. An Englishman cannot show himself without being immediately surrounded by a troop of clamorous applicants, as ravenous as birds of prey about a carcase;—all anxious to have their share of the carrion.

The Toledo is the principal street in Naples; and a very splendid and showy street it is. The shops are gay and gaudy, and 'the tide of human existence' flows with almost as much volume, and a great deal more noise than at Charing-Cross; but I think it cannot be compared with the solid and substantial magnificence of the Corso at Rome. This street is the very paradise of pick-pockets; I detected a ragged urchin this morning in the act of extracting my handker-



chief, but he looked up into my face, with such an arch though piteous expression, that my resentment was disarmed, and he made his retreat, under a volley of *eccellenzas*, which he showered upon me with a grateful profusion.

Upon arriving at Naples, after a residence in Rome, one is immediately struck with the inferiority of taste, displayed in the architectural ornaments of the town.

After Rome, every thing at Naples looks poor and paltry;—show and glitter seem to be the great objects of admiration;—and every thing, as Forsyth says, is gilded, from the cupolas of the churches, to the pill of the apothecary.

17th. The rate of living is much the same at Naples as at Rome. The ordinary price of lodgings, sufficient for the accommodation of two persons, is forty dollars a month,—about eight pounds English. Our dinner is supplied from the kitchen of a neighbouring archbishop, by his lordship's cook, at eight *carlini* per head;—the *carlino* being about four-pence English.

The wines of Naples are remarkably good, if care be taken to get them genuine, which is easily done where so many people make their own wine;—but beware of the adulterations of the wine trade! The *lacryma Christi* is not the rare precious *liqueur*, which it has been sometimes described, but a strong-bodied generous wine, which is made in great quantities. The vineyards, that supply this liquor, are situated at the foot of Vesuvius. It appears to be very well calculated for the English taste, and it is said to bear the voyage without injury. The cost of a pipe, with all the expense of importing it to England, duty and freight included, would not amount to more than 80l.; and Mr. Grandorges, the host of the *Albergo del Sole*, and the proprietor of a magazine of all sorts of English goods, tells me, that he has already sent many pipes to London.

All sorts of English manufactures are to be found at the above-mentioned magazine, which can only be accounted

for by the partiality of the English to the productions of their own country; for the importation duty to the Neapolitan government is no less than 60 per cent.

The Neapolitans seem to like us as little as the Portuguese, and the temper of the government is constantly breaking out in little spiteful exertions of power, directed against English subjects.

*February 18th.* Excursion to *Pompeii*. The remains of this town afford a truly interesting spectacle. It is like a resurrection from the dead;—the progress of time and decay is arrested, and you are admitted to the temples, the theatres, and the domestic privacy of a people who have ceased to exist for seventeen centuries. Nothing is wanting but the inhabitants. Still, a morning's walk through the solemn silent streets of *Pompeii*, will give you a livelier idea of their modes of life, than all the books in the world. They seem, like the French of the present day, to have existed only *in public*.

Their theatres, temples, basilicas, forums, are on the most splendid scale, but in their private dwellings, we discover little or no attention to *comfort*. The houses in general have a small court, round which the rooms are built, which are rather cells than rooms;—the greater part are without windows, receiving light only from the door.

There are no chimneys;—the smoke of the kitchen which is usually low and dark, must have found its way through a hole in the ceiling. The doors are so low, that you are obliged to stoop to pass through them. There are some traces of Mosaic flooring, and the stucco paintings, with which all the walls are covered, are but little injured; and upon being wetted, they appear as fresh as ever. Brown, red, yellow, and blue, are the prevailing colours. It is a pity that the contents of the houses could not have been allowed to remain in the state in which they were found;—but this would have been impossible. Travellers are the greatest thieves in the world. As it is, they will tear down, without



scruple, the whole side of a room, to cut out a favourable specimen of the stucco painting. If it were not for this pilfering propensity, we might have seen every thing as it really was left at the time of this great calamity; even to the skeleton, which was found with a purse of gold in its hand, trying to run away from the impending destruction, and exhibiting 'the ruling passion strong in death,' in the last object of its anxiety. In the stocks of the guard-room, which were used as a military punishment, the skeletons of four soldiers were found sitting; but these poor fellows have now been released from their ignominious situation, and the stocks, with every thing else that was moveable, have been placed in the museum: the bones being consigned to their parent clay.

Pompeii therefore exhibits nothing but bare walls, and the walls are without roofs; for these have been broken in, by the weight of the shower of ashes and pumice stones, that caused the destruction of the town.

The amphitheatre is very perfect, as indeed are the other two theatres, intended for dramatic representations, though it is evident that they had sustained some injury from the earthquake, which, as we learn from Tacitus, had already much damaged this devoted town, before its final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius:

*'Et motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum Pompeii, magna ex parte proruit.'* Tacitus, Ann. xv. c. 22.

The paintings, on the walls of the amphitheatre, represent the combats of gladiators and wild beasts, the dens of which remain just as they were seventeen hundred years ago.

The two theatres for dramatic entertainments are as close together as our own Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. The larger one, which might have contained five thousand persons, like the amphitheatres, had no roof, but was open to the light of day. The stage is very much circumscribed—there is no depth; and there are consequently no side scenes:

the form and appearance are like that of our own theatres; when the drop-scene is down, and forms the extent of the stage. In this back scene of the Roman stage, which, instead of canvass, is composed of unchangeable brick and marble, are three doors; and there are two others on the sides, answering to our own stage doors. It seems that it was the theatrical etiquette, that the *premieres roles* should have their exits, and entrances, through the doors of the back scene, and the inferior ones through those on the sides.

The little theatre is covered, and in better preservation than the other; and, it is supposed, that this was intended for musical entertainments.

The temple of Isis has suffered little injury. The statues alone have been taken away.—You see the very altar, on which the victims were offered;—and you may now ascend without ceremony the private stairs, which led to the *sanc-tum sanctorum* of the goddess; where those mysterious rites were celebrated, the nature of which may be shrewdly guessed from the curiosities discovered there, which are now to be seen in the *Museo Borbonico*. In a niche, on the outside of the temple, was a statue of *Harpocrates*—the god of silence—who was most appropriately placed here; but

‘Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s eyes.’

The streets are very narrow; the marks of wheels on the pavement show that carriages were in use; but, there must have been some regulation to prevent their meeting each other; for, one carriage would have occupied the whole of the street, except the narrow *trottoir*, raised on each side for foot passengers, for whose accommodation there are also raised stepping-stones, in order to cross from one side to the other. The distance between the wheel-tracks is four feet three inches.

There is often an emblem over the door of a house, that determines the profession of its former owner.—The word,



'*Salve*' on one, seems to denote that it was an inn, as we have, in our own days, the sign of '*The Salutation*.'—In the outer brick-work of another, is carved an emblem, which shocks the refinement of modern taste; but which has been an object even of religious adoration, in many countries, probably as a symbol of creative power. The same device is found on the stucco of the inner court of another house, with this intimation—*Hic habitat Felicitas*—a sufficient explanation of the character of its inhabitants.

Many of the paintings on the walls are very elegant in the taste and design, and they often assist us in ascertaining the uses for which the different rooms were intended. For example;—in the baths,\* we find Tritons, and Naiads; in the bed-chambers, Morpheus scatters his poppies, and in the eating-room, a sacrifice to *Æsculapius* teaches us, that we should eat, to live;—and not live, to eat.—In one of these rooms are the remains of a *triclinium*.

A baker's shop is as plainly indicated, as if the loaves were now at his window. There is a mill for grinding the corn, and the oven for baking; and the surgeon, and the druggist have also been traced, by the quality of the articles found in their respective dwellings.

But the most complete specimen that we have of an ancient residence, is the villa, which has been discovered, at a small distance without the gate. It is on a more splendid scale, than any of the houses in the town itself, and it has been preserved with scarcely any injury.

Some have imagined that this was the *Pompeianum*—the Pompeian Villa of Cicero. Be this as it may,—it must have belonged to a man of taste. Situated on a sloping bank, the front entrance opens, as it were, into the first floor; below which, on the garden side, into which the house looks—for the door is the only aperture on the road side—is a ground

\* In one of the baths, which probably belonged to a female, is a pretty and well-preserved fresco of the story of Actæon.

floor, with spacious arcades, and open rooms, all facing the garden;—and above, are the sleeping rooms. The walls and ceilings of this villa are ornamented with paintings of very elegant design, all which have a relation to the uses of the apartments in which they are placed. In the middle of the garden there is a reservoir of water, surrounded by columns, and the ancient well still remains. Though we have many specimens of Roman glass, in their drinking vessels, it has been doubted whether they were acquainted with the use of it for windows. Swinburne, however, in describing Pompeii, says ‘in the window of a bed-chamber some panes of glass are still remaining.’ This would seem to decide the question;—but they remain no longer. The host was fond of conviviality, if we may judge from the dimensions of his cellar, which extends under the whole of the house and the arcades also; and many of the *amphoræ* remain, in which the wine was stowed. It was here that the skeletons of seven and twenty poor wretches were found, who took refuge in this place from the fiery shower that would have killed them at once, to suffer the lingering torments of being starved to death.

It was in one of the porticos, leading to the outward entrance, that the skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the house, was found; with a key in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other.

So much for Pompeii:—I lingered amongst its ruins, till the close of evening: and have seldom passed a day with feelings of interest so strongly excited, or with impressions of the transient nature of all human possessions so strongly enforced, as by the solemn solitudes of this resuscitated town.\*

February 19th. Passed the morning in the *Museo Borbonico*;—a magnificent establishment, containing rich collec-

\* Romanelli's hint is worth attention, who recommends travellers to enter Pompeii, by the way of the tombs, that so the interest may be kept alive, by reserving the more important objects until the last.



tions of statues, pictures, and books.—Here too, are deposited the greater part of the curiosities found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, which were formerly at Portici. When the king was obliged to fly from Naples to Sicily, he took with him, from Portici, every thing that could be easily packed up; these articles have now been brought back, and are arranged in the *Museo Borbonico*.

Here you see—‘the ancient most domestic ornaments,’—the furniture,—the kitchen utensils,—the surgical instruments,—the trinkets, &c., &c., of the old Romans.

This collection illustrates Solomon’s apophthegm, that there is nothing new under the sun.—There is much that, with a little scouring, would scarcely appear old fashioned at the present day. This is not surprising in many of the articles, considering that our makers of pottery, and tea urns, have been long busied in copying from these ancient models. But it is the same with other things; the bits of the bridles, the steel-yard and scales for weighing, the lamps, the dice, the surgeon’s probe, are all very much like our own. We seem to have improved principally upon the Romans, in hardware and cutlery. Their locks and keys, scissors and needles, are very clumsy articles; and their seals, rings, and necklaces, look as if they had been made at the blacksmith’s forge. The toilets of the ladies, too, were not so elegantly furnished with knick-knacks in those days;—we have specimens of the whole arrangement of their dressing tables, even to their little crystal boxes of essences and cosmetics. Their combs would scarcely compare with those which we use in our stables; and there is nothing that would be fit for a modern lady’s dressing case. We find nothing like knives and forks.

The weight of the steel-yard is generally the head of an emperor. There is a sun-dial—the gnomon of which is the hinder part of a pig, with the tail sticking up, to cast the shadow. The *tesseræ*, or tickets of admission to the thea-

tres, are of ivory; and I remarked one, with the name of the poet Æschylus, written on it in Greek characters. The apparatus of the kitchen may be studied in all its details, through every variety of urn, kettle, and saucepan. The armory presents to us the very helmets, and breast-plates, and swords, with which the Romans gained the empire of the world; in a word, every thing here excites the liveliest interest, even to the tops, and play-things, which prove the antiquity of our own school-boy amusements; but in these, as in other matters, the poverty of human invention is strikingly displayed;—for, whether we ride upon sticks, or play at odd and even, we find that we are only copying the pastimes of children, who were wont two thousand years ago

‘Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa.’

In another quarter of the museum are collected those curiosities, which, interesting as they are, as throwing light upon the manners of ancient times, are justly offensive to modern delicacy. The most extraordinary of these are, the ornaments and decorations of the temple of Isis, which will scarcely bear a detailed description.\*

\* The *phallic* ornament, worn round the necks of the ladies, as a charm against sterility, appears in every variety of material,—gold, silver, and coral; and invention seems to have been racked, to represent it under every variety of shape.

Sometimes it is a snail peeping out of its shell;—sometimes a Cupid astride, is crowning it with a chaplet;—and sometimes it terminates in some frightful reptile, that turns round with an expression of rage;—illustrating perhaps the passage of Horace;—‘*mea cum conferbuit ira.*’ What can demonstrate more clearly, the coarseness and corruption of ancient taste; unless it be the monstrous conjunctions, consecrated by their abominable superstition, which are still more shocking evidences of the depravity of their imaginations. There is an example of these, in a piece of sculpture, dug up at Herculaneum, now in this museum, which exhibits great powers of expression and execution; but, it had better have remained buried under the ruins of Herculaneum.



February 20th. The weather is beyond measure severe and trying;—with a hot sun, there is a winter wind of the most piercing bitterness. A pulmonary invalid had better avoid Naples at any time, but certainly during the winter, unless he wish to illustrate the proverb, '*Vedi Napoli e 'po mori.*' It is not easy for such an invalid, if his case is notorious, to get lodgings, or at least he will on that account be asked a *much higher price* for them; for consumption is here considered to be contagious, and in case of death, the whole of the furniture in the occupation of the deceased is burnt, and his rooms are fumigated and white washed.

Drove to *Capo di Monte*, a palace of the king, in the environs of the town,—Palaces, however, are the most tiresome things in the world, for one is just like another;—all glitter and tinsel. Here are some of the best works of *Cammuccini*.—There was one that pleased me much, representing Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades, brought by Aspasia to admire the works of Phidias. This has all the fidelity of an historical picture, for the faces have been closely copied from the antique marbles.

21st. Again to the *Museo*.—The library is said to contain 150,000 volumes, and it seems to be well furnished with the literature of all nations. Permission is easily obtained here, as at the British museum, to enjoy the privilege of reading. Amongst the curious manuscripts, I was shown the *Aminta* of Tasso, in his own hand writing, which by the way was a vile scrawl.

In another quarter, is a large collection of Etruscan vases, in which the elegance of the form shames the badness of the painting. It is strange that a people, who seem to have had an intuitive tact for the elegant and the beautiful, in the form and shape of their vessels, should have had so little taste in the art of design.

In the collection of pictures there is much that is curious, and much that is beautiful. In the former class, are the

specimens of the first essays of the first founders of the art of painting in Italy. It is curious to trace its progress through the different stages of improvement, till it was at last brought to perfection, in the age of Raphael.

In the same class, is an original picture of *Columbus*, by Parmeggianino; and a portrait of *Philip the second* of Spain, which looks the narrow-minded, cold-blooded tyrant, that he was in reality.

And, lastly, here is the original sketch of the *last judgment*, by Michael Angelo, from which he afterwards painted his great picture. It has been coloured by a later hand.—It ought to be hung up in the Sistine chapel, as a key to make the fresco intelligible; for, much is here seen distinctly, that is quite faded in the large picture. For instance, time has done for Cardinal Biagio, what he in vain asked of the Pope; and it is only in this sketch, that the bitter resentment of the painter is recorded, which placed him amongst the damned, in the gripe of a malignant dæmon,—who is dragging him down to the bottomless pit, in a manner at once the most ferocious and degrading.

In the latter class, there are many that deserve enumeration. Two *holy families* by Raphael, are full of the almost heavenly graces with which he, above all other painters, has embellished this subject.

There are two landscapes;—and a wild witch, on a wild-heath, in the very wildest style of Salvator Rosa.

Titian's *Danaë* is all that is lovely and luscious; and there are some charming pictures of Corregio;—but, I believe this collection altogether detained me less than it deserved; for after feasting the imagination, in the galleries of Florence, and Rome, in the contemplation of the very finest efforts of the pencil, it requires equal excellence to stimulate the languid attention, and satisfy the increasing fastidiousness of the taste. This is a cruel deduction from the pleasure which is expected to be derived from familiarity



with excellence, and improvement in knowledge; so that, after all, it may be doubted, whether we grow [happier, as we grow wiser; and, perhaps, those who are the most pains—to see the best that is to be seen—to read the best that is to be read—and to hear the best that is to be heard—are only labouring to exhaust the sources of innocent gratification, and incapacitating themselves from future enjoyment, by approaching nearer to that state which has been so truly described as a state of

‘Painful pre-eminence ourselves to view,  
Above life’s pleasures, and its comforts too!’

*February 22d.* Yesterday we had December’s wind; to-day we have November’s rain; and such is the climate of Naples.

Dined with an Italian family, to whom I brought letters of recommendation from Rome. This was the first occasion that I have had of seeing an Italian dress dinner;—but there was scarcely any thing strange to excite remark. The luxury of the rich is nearly the same throughout Europe. Some trifling particularities struck me, though I think the deviations from our own customs were all improvements. There was no formal top and bottom to the table, which was round, and the host could not be determined from his place. All the dishes were removed from the table as they were wanted, carved by a servant at the side-board, and handed round. Each person was provided with a bottle of wine, and a bottle of water, as with a plate, and knife and fork. There was no asking to drink wine, nor drinking of healths; no inviting people to eat, nor carving for them. All these duties devolved on the domestics; and the conversation, which, in England, as long as dinner lasts, is often confined to the business of eating, with all its important auxiliaries of sauces and seasonings, took its free course, unchecked by any interruptions arising out of the business in hand. This

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is surely the perfection of comfort—to be able to eat and drink what you please without exciting attention or remark;—and I cannot but think, it would be a great improvement upon our troublesome fashion of *passing the bottle*, to substitute the Italian mode of placing a separate decanter to each person.

Economy, in a country where wine is so dear as in England, can be the only objection; for, though I have heard some persons argue, that the pleasure of drinking is increased by a common participation in the very same bottle; such a notion can scarcely be founded in reason, unless it is allowed that this pleasure is still more exquisitely enjoyed in the tap-room, where each man partakes of the same mug, without even the intervention of glasses. For my part, I am for extending the privilege of Idomeneus's cup to every guest:

πλεῖον δέπας αἰεὶ  
ἔσχε', ὥσπερ ἐμοὶ, πίειν, ὅτε Θύμος ἀνώγει.

ILIAD, 4. 262.

But, an invitation to dinner is a rare occurrence in Italy; for dinner is not here, generally speaking, the social feast of elaborate enjoyment, which we are accustomed to make it in England,—occupying a considerable portion of the day, and constituting the principal object of meeting,—but a slovenly meal, despatched in haste, and in dishabille;—and it is for this reason that an Englishman is rarely invited, except on extraordinary occasions, to partake of it.

In the evening, to a *conversazione*, at the archbishop of Tarento's;—one of the finest and most respectable-looking old men I ever saw. The intercourse of society is perhaps managed better abroad than in England. The system of being at home in the evening, to those persons with whom you are desirous of associating, without the formality of sending a special invitation, facilitates that pleasant and easy so-



ciety, which enlivens, without at all destroying, the retirement of domestic life;—and it is carried on with no greater expense than a few additional cups of coffee, or glasses of lemonade. How much more rational is such a friendly intercourse, than the formal morning visits, or the heartless evening routs, of our own country.

February 23d. Again to the *Museo*.—Examined the ingenious machinery employed to unroll the manuscripts found at Herculaneum. These are reduced to a state of tinder, but the writing is still legible. From the specimen that I saw, it seemed necessary, however, to supply at least a fifth, by conjecture. Curiosity is kept alive till the last, for the name of the author is inscribed on the beginning of the manuscript, and this of course cannot appear till the whole roll is unravelled. The collection of statues is very extensive, but I must repeat, of the statues, what I have said of the pictures. After the Tribune,—the Capitol,—and the Vatican,—what remains to be seen in sculpture?—and yet the *Venus callipyge* is a most beautiful creature;—but how shall we excuse her attitude?

The famous *Farnese Hercules* may be calculated to please an anatomist, but certainly no one else. This is the work of Glycon, and is perhaps the allusion of Horace, in his first epistle, where he mentions the '*invicti membra Glyconis*;'—a passage that does not seem to be satisfactorily explained.

The Flora is generally admired; but a colossal statue is seldom a pleasing object, and never when it represents a woman. Gigantic proportions are absolutely inconsistent with female loveliness.

February 24th to 28th. Confined to the house with a cough;—the effect of the bitter wind that has been blowing upon us from the mountains.—The Lord deliver me from another winter at Naples!—Our episcopal landlord turns out a very caitiff. The last occupier of our lodgings—a young Englishman, who was confined to his bed

by illness—had occasion to send a bill to his banker's to be cashed; on which errand he employed the servant of Monsignore. As it has been imputed to Italian bankers, that they sometimes mis-count dollars, he took the precaution to examine immediately the contents of his bag. Finding that there was a deficiency of twenty dollars, he summoned the servant and being unable to get any explanation, he was preparing a note to the banker to institute an inquiry, when the man confessed that his master had stopped him, upon his return, and taken twenty dollars out of the bag;—trusting, as it seems, to the proverbial carelessness of our countrymen. If a bishop will do this, what might we not expect from the poorer classes of society? and yet I must confess, I have never met with any such dishonesty in the lower orders, except amongst the pick-pockets in the *Strada di Toledo*.

In an arbitrary government, like that of Naples, a stranger is surprised by the freedom of speech, which prevails on political subjects. The people seem full of discontent. In the coffee-houses, restaurateurs, nay even in the streets, you hear the most bitter invectives against the government, and tirades against the royal family.

One would imagine, from such general complainings, that the government was in danger,—but all seems to evaporate in talk; and indeed Gen. Church (an Englishman) at the head of a body of 5,000 foreign troops, is engaged in stopping the mouths of the more determined reformers; which may probably explain the secret of the stability of the present system.

It must be owned that the people have some grounds for complaint, for, the king has not only retained all the imposts, which Murat, under the pressure of war, found it necessary to levy, but he has also revived many of the ways and means of the old regime. The property tax alone amounts to twenty-five per cent.; and there is a sort of excise, by which



every roll that is eaten by the beggar in the streets, is made to contribute a portion to the government purse.

The military, both horse and foot, make a very respectable appearance. To the eye, they are as fine soldiers as any in Europe; and the grenadiers of the king's guard, dressed in the uniform of our own guards, might be admired even in Hyde Park. But, it appears that they do not like fighting. The Austrian general Nugent married a Neapolitan princess, and is now commander in chief of that very army, which under Murat, ran away from him like a flock of sheep.

It is the fashion to consider soldiers as mere machines, and to maintain, that discipline will make soldiers of any men whatever. This may be true as a general rule;—but may not a slavish submission to a despotic government for a long period of years, and confirmed habits of effeminate indolence, on the part of any people, produce an hereditary taint in their blood,—gradually making what was *habit* in the parent, *constitution* in the offspring,—and so deteriorate the breed, that no immediate management or discipline shall be able to endue such a race with the qualities necessary to constitute a soldier? If this maxim need illustration, I would appeal to the conduct of the Neapolitan army in Murat's last campaign.

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ART. VI.—*Blackwood's Magazine on Washington Irving.*

[A late No. of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, contains a review of 'Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York,' from which we take the following, for the purpose of showing the favour that our countryman, Washington Irving, has gained at the hands of the Scotch critics.]

'WE are delighted to observe, that "the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray, and been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued from the fertile press of Albemarle street. The work, indeed, is still going on at New

York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of which, the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of this age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise, what may be called, a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his “thews and sinews” are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain—and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Coleridge’s *Sybilline Leaves*.\*

Though ages long have past  
 Since our fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O’er untravell’d seas to roam.  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame,  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
 By its chains?  
 While the language free and bold  
 Which the bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
 How the vault of heaven rung  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;  
 While these with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 And from rock to rock repeat  
 Round our coast.

\* These fine verses were not written by Mr. Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him ‘a dear and valued friend.’ His name should *not* have been concealed. C. N.



While the manners, while the arts  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;—  
Yet still from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
'WE ARE ONE.'

'The great superiority, over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The Sketch Book has already proved, to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier publication, of which, we suspect, but a few copies have ever crossed the Atlantic, to show that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

'The whole book is a *jeu-d'esprit*, and, perhaps, its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely printed volumes. Under the mask of an historian of his native city, he has embodied, very successfully, the results of his own early observation in regard to the formation and constitution of several regular divisions of American society; and in this point of view his work will preserve its character of value, long after the lapse of time shall have blunted the edge of these personal allusions which, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to its popularity over the water. New York, our readers know, or

ought to know, was originally a Dutch new settlement, by the style and title of New Amsterdam, and it was not till after it had witnessed the successive reigns of seven generations of brig-breeched deputies of their high mightinesses that the infant city was transferred to the dominion of England, in consequence of a pretty liberal grant by Charles II. to his brother the duke of York, and the visit of a few English vessels sent to give some efficacy to this grant, *in partibus infidelium*. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary Dutch Herodotus of this city, of course, considers its occupation by the English forces as the termination of its political existence, and disdains to employ the same pen that had celebrated the achievements of Peter the Headstrong, William the Testy, and the other governors of the legitimate Batavian breed, in recording any of the acts of their usurping successors, holding authority under the sign manual of Great Britain. To atone, however, for the hasty conclusion of his history, he makes its commencement as long and minute as could be desired—not beginning, as might be expected, with the first landing of a burgo-master on the shores of the Hudson, but plunging back into the utmost night of ages, and favouring us with a regular deducement of the Batavian line through all the varieties of place and fortune that are recorded between the creation of Adam, and the sailing of the good ship Goode Vrouw for the shore of Communipaw. The description of the imaginary historian himself has always appeared to us to be one of the best things in the whole book, so we shall begin with quoting it. We are not sure that it yields to the far-famed introduction of Chrysal. Our readers are to know that Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker composed his immortal work in the Independent Columbian Hotel, New York—and that having mysteriously disappeared from his lodgings, without saying any thing to the landlord, Mr. Seth Handyside, the publican, thought of publishing his MSS. by way of having his score cleared. The



program of Mr. Handyside contains such a fine sketch of a veritable Dutch portrait, that we cannot help wishing it had been twice as full as it is.'

After copious citations the editor proceeds:

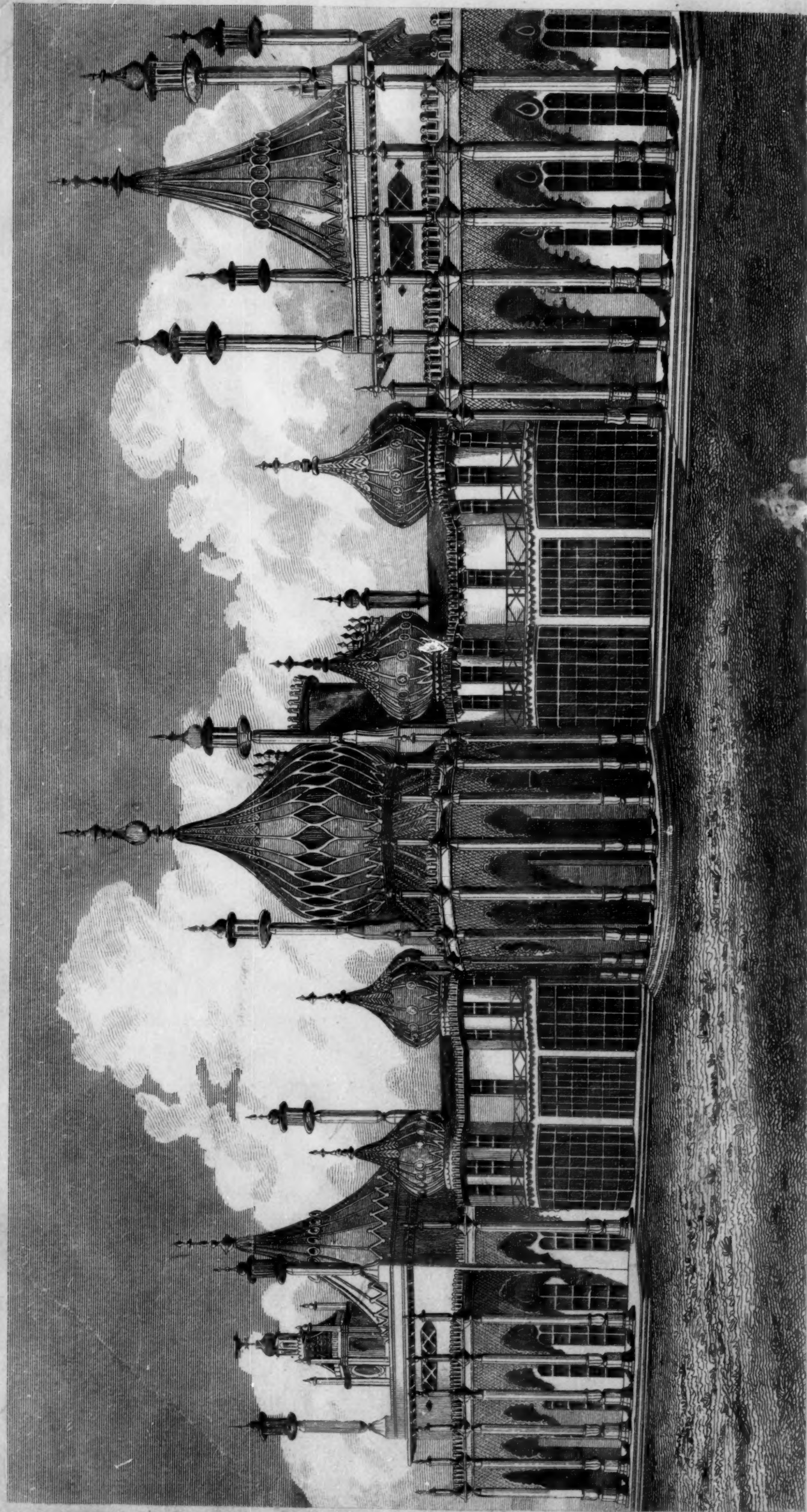
'We cannot, at present, venture upon any more extracts—and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker's book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them as in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, "as good as manuscript." Enough, however, has been quoted to show of what sort of stuff Mr. Irving's comic pencil is composed—and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of Waverley, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think, for a moment, on the variety of elements whereof that society is every where composed—the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scottish, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories—the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other—the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms—above all, on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young, half-old people in the world—simply as such—we cannot doubt that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr. Irving that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita*; for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to

time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portraiture of American life. Mr. Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country; and he is, therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza*. The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry—and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

‘To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above—and to fill them up with characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches—it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common-place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote *Roderick Random* before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point—but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of *Knickerbocker* and the *Salmagundi*. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about the “inspiration of melancholy,” but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. “A cheerful mind is what the muses love,” says the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*, and *the Brothers*; and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his *Childe Harold*. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into







*Crystal Palace, at Brighton*



vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration, must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influences he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self-reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr. Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollections to fly from—but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of *his* genius. *That*, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory. Perhaps all this may look very like impertinence, but Mr. Irving will excuse us, for it is, at least, well meant.

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ART. VII.—*King of England's Palace at Brighton.*

THIS journal has already contained views of several of the most elegant among the public edifices of the United States, the capital and the President's house at Washington, the bank of the United States at Philadelphia, and the new state capital at Harrisburgh. An outline of the celebrated Parthenon was also lately given. It may afford some entertainment to compare the architectural taste of our country, as it is displayed in those American buildings, with that of England, as evinced by the style of the king's new palace; and it will be curious to compare *each* with the specimen of Grecian taste, seen in the Parthenon.

The following description is taken from a late English publication.—‘ Since the year 1801, the king has been gradually developing his plans for the erection of a splendid marine palace at Brighton. The building called the Pavilion, in which he had previously resided during his visits to the sea side, might have been considered rather as a cottage or *ornee*, than as a mansion capable of sustaining the splendour

of a court, and entertaining the numerous retinue of a sovereign prince. It has therefore undergone gradual extensions: but, as it stood among buildings in the very heart of Brighton, where ground is more valuable than at any other place in the empire, vast sums were necessary to be paid for the various interests which pre-occupied the scite, and much time was lost in negotiations for various premises which it became necessary to incorporate.

‘ At length his majesty, having prevailed on the inhabitants of Brighton to surrender the main entrance of the town to his purposes, was enabled to convert that street into pleasure grounds on the back or western front; and to unite the whole with some tea gardens which stood on the opposite side of it, and also with some adjoining pleasure grounds which belonged to a marine mansion of the duke of Marlborough. The entire domain was thus extended to about seven acres, much of which is well planted with trees.

‘ About 1805 he commenced the erection of his spacious and splendid stables, on the northern side of the grounds. Mr. Porden was the architect, and he seems to have exhausted all the elegancies of appropriate design in his arrangements of this building. There are superb stalls for sixty-eight horses, within a circular area of nearly 100 feet diameter, surmounted with a magnificent dome, which is but twenty feet in span less than that of St. Paul’s, forming a conspicuous object in the perspective of Brighton. It is rumoured that these stables and appurtenances cost little less than *two hundred thousand pounds*; and that, at the time of their completion, the Pavilion, its various alterations, additions, and extensions, had cost its royal owner little short of double that sum.

‘ Since that time, the duke of Marlborough’s mansion at the northern extremity, a line of capital houses called Marlborough-row, in the rear, and the extensive premises of the Castle Inn, esteemed one of the first public establishments



of its kind in England, have been successively purchased. His royal highness has also rebuilt all the domestic offices in the rear of the Pavilion, in a style of commensurate extent; and, about two years since, he began to improve and embellish the state apartments in the centre of the building; and, within the past month, the removal of the scaffolding has exhibited it in the splendid and unique forms which we have correctly portrayed in the accompanying engraving. (*See the Copper-plate.*)

‘ It will be perceived that the style of architecture is oriental; and the first glance of the building will remind the observer of the fairy palaces of the sovereigns of Hindoostan, and of the mausoleums of certain of their princes, in the erection of which the incalculable treasures of the eastern world have been expended. Some persons have assimilated the building to the Moorish structures in Spain, and particularly to the palace of the Alhambra at Granada; while others have considered it as Tartaric, and have treated it as a copy of the Kremlin at Moscow. These, however, are mistakes; and it may be presumed that the King, who must be led to consider himself as virtual sovereign of the east, deemed it respectful to his eastern dependencies to exhibit a palace in conformity with their notions of architectural perfection.

‘ Be this as it may, his majesty has unquestionably placed on British ground the most original and unique structure in Europe,—which affords pleasure or pain to the beholders, according to their taste or their political feelings. Few would withhold their admiration, if it stood on an uninterrupted lawn descending to the sea, or if it had been placed on a better elevation of ground: but others shrug their shoulders on learning, that perhaps a *million* is thus to be taken from the earnings of one part of the community to be paid to another, in return for hard labour in producing erections, which their frigid economy considers as fantastical. Among a free

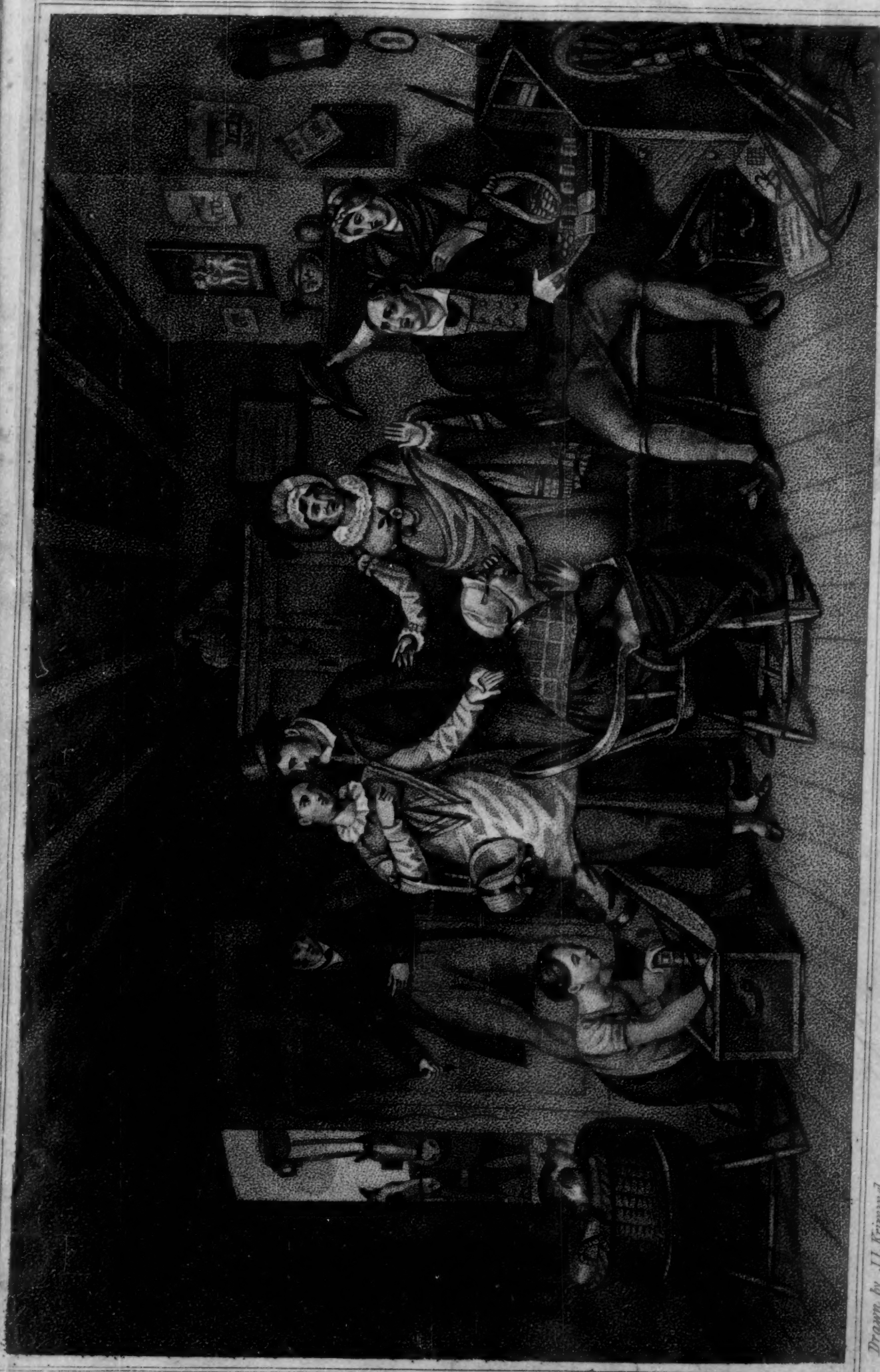
people such topics will, however, be discussed; and, in seasons of great domestic distress, will excite irritations which the specious argument of giving employment, or taking labour for the money collected from others, does not allay. Our opinion is not called for; but we confess that we are no enemies to splendid architecture, provided those who indulge in such expensive gratifications, are at the same time equally anxious about the humble comforts of cottages; and do not forget their brotherhood with their species, and all those obligations to the sources of wealth which are created by its possession.

‘The limited size of this elegant structure precludes, however, serious alarm in regard to the expenses of its completion. We know nothing of the estimates; but it is generally rumoured, in the circles of Brighton, that the completion of the known plans may cost nearly a million. The principal front, as represented in the engraving, is but 100 yards, and the wings will probably add 50 yards each to the north and south. The pinnacles of the highest domes are from 90 to 100 feet high. The dining-room, at the south or left side, is 72 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 40 high. The centre constitutes a series of three drawing-rooms, behind which is a superb gallery of communication; and at the north end, on the right hand, is the music saloon. For descriptions of the ornamental finishings, and decorated furniture, of these apartments, we must refer to the Arabian Tales, to the drawings of Daniel, and to the Travels of Forbes, when they describe the Taje Mahl of Shah Jehan at Agra, or the Jumma Musjed at Delhi. They are, or they are to be, every thing which wealth and power, aided by the arts of gilding, painting, carving, and sculpture, can render them.

‘The walls are of brick, and covered and ornamented with the patent mastic, which dries of the most delicate stone-colour, and acquires the hardness and apparent durability of granite. The cupolas and minarets are framed and covered







Drawn by J.L. Krimmel

# Departure for a Boarding-School.

Engraved by Goodman & Dagge

See vol. XVI.



with iron, and finished with a coating of mastic. The quantities of massive timber and iron-work from Woolwich, which have long employed trains of artillery-waggons in their transport, prove that durability is not neglected for splendour.

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ART. VIII.—*Going to Boarding School.*

THE annexed plate is taken from a spirited sketch by Krimmel, and is a good specimen of that artist's manner. In this and its companion picture he has intended to portray the change affected by fashionable boarding schools, upon the tastes and manners of country lasses. The view now presented, shows the successful farmer counting over the *golden* returns of his harvest; the implements of husbandry close at hand, and the rustic decorations of the room are all indicative of his occupation. The old grandmother withdraws her attention from her bible, and raises her spectacles to gaze on the splendid heaps of money. The wife reproves the farmer's incivility, and removes his hat in compliment to the presence of the mistress of the boarding school, who having called to take her intended pupil to the city, looks with great scorn upon the vulgar rustics among whom she is obliged to pass a few moments. The girl appears to be taking leave of her lover, and is seen in all the simplicity of mien characteristic of a farmer's daughter. The stage coach is seen through the open door, and the driver is urging the departure of his passengers. The little girl packing up her young mistresses trunk, which seems to be providently furnished with a large bible, forms also a consistent part of the scene.

The return from boarding school, to be published next month, will show a very natural and striking alteration produced by the refinement of a city education. L.

ART. IX.—*Miscellaneous Articles.*

*Extract from Parmly's Lectures on the Teeth.*—THE advantages of cleanliness to the well being of animal life, are too obvious to require illustration; and the influence it exerts on contagious and various other diseases, is more than a sufficient groundwork for this position.

Since it applies no less as an axiom to local than to general circumstances, those important instruments of the animal machine, the teeth, demand its fullest exertion; for these, when disordered, produce the seeds of constitutional disease.

By a chymical agency on those relics of the food, which accidentally lodge between them, a deleterious change takes place, constituting an active poison, which corrodes their structure.

The importance of the teeth to the functions of the System, and the perfect enjoyment of health, is apparent from the moment of their development, a process which constitutes the most critical period of infancy, and which shows at once their extensive influence on the constitution at large.

The effects of those aches and pains that then distress the child excite a general derangement of the whole machine; fever accedes, the functions in every part are disturbed, and the brain not unfrequently suffers by an attack of convulsion.

The teeth are alone the cause of this dangerous attack on health and existence; and they display an influence no less serious at an after period of life when they become diseased.

Hence, we should bear in mind the care that ought to be taken of this important part of our frame.

Nature, to guard the teeth against disease, has placed them as extraneous bodies; and it is only from neglect in allowing their structure to be acted upon by what ought to be removed, that disease occurs. But

although nature has guarded them thus far against the attacks of incidental disease, she has deprived them of that power of freeing themselves by their own efforts, which other organs possess, by a dense and compact structure to fit them for their mechanical use.

But the healthy condition of the teeth is necessary even to the perfect exercise of our senses, in consequence of their connexion with the nervous system.

The secretions of the mouth furnish a stimulus to the nerves, which excite the sensation of taste, and these form an intimate communication with those of the organs of hearing, of smell, and of vision.

This view alone should establish the importance of preserving the mouth and its apparatus in a healthful condition, the better to derive, through the use of our senses, the full and perfect enjoyment of life from every surrounding object presented to them.

In a vitiated state of the mouth, where the secretions are loaded with disease, and impregnated with noxious matter, the offspring of *uncleanliness*, the general feelings are annoyed to such a degree, that the individual is often in a manner deranged. In that state, can the palate convey the proper sensation of taste? Can the olfactory nerves receive the free impression of pleasing odours, or the ear be duly acted on by sound?

Thus, a want of cleanliness counteracts the harmony of the system, by which the growth of a child is unprosperous, and the senses do not receive that full evolution which they would have made, if not thus restrained.

Since in childhood the first sufferings begin, in childhood also the foundation of a good or bad constitution is laid. Hence, as these sufferings are in part unavoidable, it is at this stage of life, in particular,



that art, as the assistant of nature, (when too slow in her operations) should interfere as far as possible to alleviate them. It is also at this critical time that the greatest attention should be paid to the state of the gums, to mark the protrusion of the teeth, as well as the after change; for it is only by knowing the steps and order of their progress that proper aid can be given to the efforts of nature during the years of childhood.

So important is the interference of art at this time, that to judge properly of its effect, let us compare two children from the time of dentition, or immediately after the protrusion of the front teeth; in one of whom a proper attention has been paid to their cleanliness, and the other where it is neglected. The first evidently enjoys the greatest advantage for securing comfort and health, his organs will receive the supplies of nourishment, duly prepared; his system will not only be thriving, but the development of natural attributes and bodily strength, will gradually proceed to maturity. He will possess sound health and an active frame, his mind unfolding with equal rapidity and perfection as his body.

No disorder of the mouth will communicate its distress to the other parts, and excite sympathetic anguish.

His mind, vigorous and active, will apply with ardour to every study and pursuit suitable to his years. His disposition will be pleasant and cheerful, for he has had no malady to contort his temper, or distress his frame.

Contrast this happy picture with that of a child where the teeth and gums are diseased from a want of cleanliness.

The causes of pain and irritation are ever present, and are increased by the influence of the tartar, which gradually accumulates on the teeth, producing inflammation of the gums,

and even an absorption and destruction of the alveolar processes, which all provident nature intended for the security of those instruments.

The consequences of this are, occasional severe fits of tooth-ach, swelled face, and other marks of indisposition, which by the least cold lay him aside for weeks and months, putting a stop to every study and pursuit.

The body, instead of being gradually increased and duly nourished, as in the other instance, is here puny and diminutive; nay, even rickety, deformed, and unsightly, upon too many occasions. The mind, instead of being active and vigorous, is fretful, peevish, and not alive to external impressions, owing to continual irritation and pain.

The most critical years of life, which are intended to form the mind, are lost in a struggle to get the better of indisposition, brought on by neglect, and nourished and rendered permanent by the same cause; for it is an incontrovertible fact, that no child, with bad teeth is ever healthy; and as this fact has been abundantly verified, in my experience, the same cause will prove a certain excitement of whatever constitutional disease the system may be naturally predisposed to. Thus, diseases, which might have been dormant without this baneful cause, are always ready to appear in children whose teeth are bad, and to the disgrace of their nurses, neglected; for little in a habit predisposed will excite the action of inbred disease.

‘In concluding this letter (on the treatment of children, says Dr. Ewell) I feel some pain at the apprehension that I have not said enough to induce a strict adherence to the practices recommended. I knew them to be so judicious, that I felt as if argument were useless. The subject is those, of whom our Christ declared, “of such is the kingdom of heaven!” Ladies, if you feel as mothers, if you have souls to partake of

the heaven of doing good to innocence in pain, you will not require long arguments to adopt practices promoting the health of children. I ask, I pray you, if I have not urged sufficiently to induce you to do it; then, as a favour, as a kind compliance, in return for the wish I have to serve, immediately prescribe."

Thus the proper treatment of the teeth, when properly considered, forms the foundation of happiness; *First*, as the prime strengthener of the constitution; *Secondly*, as the grand means of extending the growth; and, *Thirdly*, as the sure foundation of health and harmony in the system. By care of the teeth, and thereby avoiding frequent illnesses, directly or indirectly arising from the neglect of them, we are enabled to undertake those pursuits fitted to our age and genius. We may thus economise time, and apply life to every beneficial purpose.

The possession of carious teeth, besides its effects on the temper and growth of childhood, is liable to produce very serious evils at a more advanced period of life, by giving to the air inhaled a putrid taint or impregnation, which being conveyed into the lungs, diminishes the benefits of its otherwise healthful office.

Indeed, it may be regarded as an established fact, that it is only by the influence of the living principle that the human frame is prevented from yielding to the powers of a chymical agency constantly acting on it, as on inanimate substances. But there are certain parts to which this living principle does not so strongly extend, and here the laws of chymistry take full effect; the part being subjected to all these changes which heat and stagnation produce, and thus exciting a fermentation in the matter subjected to their operation, as is strongly marked in the teeth, which are, as we have seen, beyond the reach of the circulation, since they are exposed to accumulations from what we eat and

drink; and the particles of the matter so accumulated are highly disposed to morbid changes, deleterious to the healthful state of these organs.

The same matter introduced into the stomach, which thus acts on the teeth, would be harmless to that organ:—the constant motion of its contents, their admixture with a variety of fluids, changing their relations and powers, and the strong influence of the living principle on this viscus, are counteracting circumstances which prevent all injury and accumulation here. Thus we see it is not by any failure of the natural qualities of the teeth that their premature decay is occasioned. This malady is alone to be attributed to the situation in which they are placed, whereby they are exposed to the common fate of all matter under the influence of chymical powers, and which even their compact structure cannot resist, unless those accumulations be prevented, which finally constitute a corroding power they cannot of themselves oppose.

From these facts we may venture to assert, that soundness of constitution and duration of life, greatly depend upon the healthy condition of the mouth.

All these facts are important reasons then, for an early attention to the teeth, and the natural organs connected with them, for it is principally in childhood that the means of preserving them perfect can fully succeed before the evil commences.

The preservation of the teeth and gums, therefore, is one of the first objects to be studied for insuring health and strength.

As they form by nature, a complete arch, the removal of a tooth destroys the evenness of the gum and the alveoli, diminishing the strength of the jaw, and proportionally reducing the perfection of voice and articulation.

If the great distinctive attribute of man be the faculty of speech, that



speech can never be complete or perfect, without two arches of teeth to modulate the sound, and give proper utterance to the words. Indeed, it is obvious to every one, that when the teeth are lost, the speech becomes imperfect, and often scarcely intelligible.

This circumstance makes them valuable beyond measure, to a public speaker; and their preservation ought to meet due attention from those who wish to shine either in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit.

Without these instruments of utterance, the graces of eloquence are lost, and the power of impressing the mind, and convincing the understanding, if not taken away, is considerably diminished.

It is the premature loss of this part of the human structure, that produces the leading mark of age, and occasions the contracted countenance, the wrinkles of the face, and those unseemly changes which youth and beauty ever wish to see placed at a distance.

This may be done in a certain degree, and the countenance exhibit the great lines of character that belong to it, by a proper attention to the cleanliness and regularity of the teeth. No face, however pleasing and prepossessing, can ever be complete in its attraction where the mouth is disfigured.

However worthy of admiration by natural symmetry, or intelligence of character, a still and silent countenance may be, we at once lose the grateful impression, when a disclosure of bad teeth is made by the influence of any excitement.

The circumstance either attaches disgrace to the individual for present want of cleanliness, or to its parents, or nurse, for past neglect. Even the laugh, the test of good humour and openness which invites to cordiality and confidence, fails to produce a reciprocal effect, where we are disgusted by a foul mouth.

Nay, from the very form, position, and cleanliness of the teeth, so far as depends on the individual himself, may be justly inferred his taste in other matters. Hence, in order to win that admiration which is the natural wish of every one, the care of the teeth becomes an essential qualification, and ought to form an early branch of education, which cannot be too forcibly impressed on the minds of children.

Independent of their soundness, as a necessary appendage of external symmetry, the teeth are no less important, as has been stated, to the preservation of the general health. From their structure being highly sensible, and every where surrounded with parts of equal sensibility, they communicate every impression of their disease to the system at large. Thus, the first pains that undermine the constitution, and sow the seeds of irreparable mischief, may often be traced to the diseased state of the teeth when unable to perform their natural functions.

So conspicuous is this with all animals in a domesticated state, that the failure of their teeth may be considered as the very breaking up of their constitution. Unless fed on soft food, where the use of the teeth is less required, their lives cannot be protracted. In proof of the same fact, we may adduce the long lives of fowls, and other animals, having no teeth are consequently not subject to any disease of the mouth; a strong corroboration of which, is also afforded by the long lives of some kinds of fish.

Thus the lives of animals as well as man, seem by nature to be in a considerable degree regulated by the health and permanence of the mouth. In the teeth of all animals in a state of nature, we discover no diseased structure or deformity, and therefore we must ascribe it in the human subject to fortuitous, not constitutional or hereditary causes; for that they are less destructible,

than any other part of the frame is evident, since, in places where bodies have lain for centuries, teeth are found entire and sound, while the other bones crumble to dust; a sufficient proof that disease is not naturally entailed upon their structure, but is the effect of the constant accumulation and action of offensive matter upon them, which operates by a putrid fermentation on those parts unnoticed, before the agonizing pain of a single tooth calls our attention to those adjoining; when we are astonished, as much as we are grieved, to find many in a state of rapid decay.

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*Further Extracts from the 'Diary of an Invalid.'*

*State of Society in Italy.—May 16th.* After six days of continued travelling, a short season of repose succeeds as an agreeable vicissitude. Let me employ a portion of it, in recording my impressions of the moral and political state of the country, in which I have been sojourning.

The discontent of the people, particularly in the Papal and Neapolitan states, is loud and open;—for, though the liberty of the press is unknown, they indulge in the fullest freedom of speech, in canvassing the conduct of their rulers. There is indeed ample cause for discontent;—the people seem every day more impatient of the civil and ecclesiastical oppressions, to which they are subjected;—and a revolution is the common topic of conversation. If there were any rational hope of revolution bringing improvement, it would be difficult not to wish for a revolution in Italy.

A revolution, however, to be productive of benefit, ought to be effected by the quiet operation of public opinion; that is, of the virtuous and well informed part of the public;—and this would be, not revolution, but reform—the best way of preventing a revolution, in the mo-

dern sense of that term. But, where shall we look, in Italy, for the elements of such a reform? There can be little hope of its political amelioration, till some improvement has taken place in its moral condition. How can any thing great or good be expected from a people, where the state of society is so depraved, as to tolerate the *cavaliere servente* system?—a system, which sanctions the public display of apparent, if not real, infidelity to the most important and religious engagement of domestic life. And yet, constituted as society is in Italy, this system ought perhaps to excite little surprise. For, marriage is here, for the most part, a mere arrangement of convenience; and the parties often meet, for the first time, at the foot of the altar. An Italian does not expect from such an union, the happiness of home, with the whole train of domestic charities which an Englishman associates with the marriage state; the *spes animi credula mutui* is certainly not the hope of an Italian husband,—and the Cavaliere robs him of nothing, which he is not quite content to spare.

It is indeed, nine times in ten, to the fault of the husband, that the infidelity of the wife is to be ascribed. This is a reflection I have often made to Italian men, who have always seemed disposed to admit the truth of it, but the truth is better attested by the exemplary conduct of those women, whose husbands take upon themselves to perform the offices of affection, that are ordinarily left to the Cavaliere. An Italian said to me one day, '*Una donna ha sempre bisogno d'appoggiarsi ad un uomo!*'—If she cannot repose her cares and her confidence in the bosom of her husband, is it very surprising that she should seek some other support? Consider the character of the Italian woman. Ardent and impassioned,—jealous of admiration,—enthusiastic alike in love or in resentment,—she is trembling alive to the pro-



vocations which she has so often to endure from the open neglect and infidelity of the man, who has sworn to love and protect her.

The *spretæ injuria formæ* is an insult which has provoked colder constitutions than the Italian, to retaliate. What indeed is there to restrain her?—a sense of duty?—there is no such sense. An Italian woman is accustomed to consider the conjugal duties as strictly reciprocal, and would laugh to scorn, as tame and slavish submission, the meek and gentle spirit which prompted the reply of the 'divine Desdemona'—

'Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my  
life,  
But never taint my love.'

And while there is so little to restrain, the effect of example is to encourage her to follow the bent of her inclinations; and she is attended by a licensed seducer, privileged to approach her at all hours, and at full liberty to avail himself of all the aid that importunity and opportunity can lend him, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

These observations can only be meant to apply to the higher classes of society, to which the Cavaliere system is confined; and it must not be supposed, even amongst these, that there are not many examples of domestic virtue and domestic happiness;—or that husbands and wives may not be found in Italy, as in other places, fondly and faithfully attached to each other. Nor is it always a criminal connexion that subsists between a lady and her Cavaliere, though it is generally supposed to be so; but, many instances might be cited, where it is well known that it is not.

There is indeed a sort of mysticism in the tender passion, as it seems always to have existed in this country, which it is difficult to understand or explain. Platonic love,

in the verses of Petrarch, if indeed Petrarch's love were Platonic, glows with a rapturous warmth, which often speaks the very language of a grosser feeling; while the most depraved of all passions has been clothed with a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment and expression, which would seem to belong only to our purest affections. Witness Horace's address to Ligurinus:—

Sed cur heu Ligurine, cur,  
Manat rara meas lacryma per  
genas?  
Cur facunda parum decoro,  
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

What can be more tender, unless  
it be Pope's beautiful imitation—

But why ah! tell me ah! too dear!  
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary  
tear?  
Why words so flowing, thoughts so  
free,  
Stop or turn nonsense at one glance  
of thee?

But to return;—the Cavaliere system must ever remain the great moral blot in the Italian character;—and yet, this system, founded as it is in the violation of all laws and feelings, has its own peculiar regulations, which it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to transgress. The lady must not have children by her Paramour;—at least, the notoriety of such a fact would be attended with the loss of reputation. What can be said of a state of society that can tolerate such things, but,—'Reform it altogether.'

I am afraid the morals of England will not derive much benefit from familiarizing our countrywomen to hear these connexions talked of, as they constantly are, without censure or surprise. It would be impossible, however, to introduce the system into England, as it exists here.

Few Englishmen would be found to bear the yoke that is here imposed on a Cavaliere. An Italian, without pursuit or profession, may find in this philandering drudgery a pleasant mode of employing his time; but in England, politics and field-sports, would, if no better feelings or principles should oppose its introduction, be in themselves sufficient to interfere with such a system of female supremacy. But, though much may be feared from familiarity with vice, I would rather hope, that a nearer contemplation of its evil consequences will induce them to cling with closer affection to the moral habits and institutions of their own country, where the value of virtue and fidelity is still felt, and appreciated as it ought to be;—and to cultivate with increasing vigilance all those observances, which have been wisely set up as bulwarks to defend and secure the purity of the domestic sanctuary.

I remember, Fuller says—'Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God, that he was but nine days in Italy: wherein he saw in one city more liberty to sin, than in London he had ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence, without infection, I more praise God, than their adventure.' If he entertained apprehensions for the 'travel-tainted' gentry of his time, we may well feel anxiety for the ladies of our own; feeling as we must, that it is to the female virtues of England we should look, not only for the happiness of our homes, but also for the support of that national character, which has led to all our national greatness;—for the character of a nation is ever mainly determined by the institutions of domestic life;—and it is to the influence of maternal precept and maternal example upon the mind of childhood, that all the best virtues of manhood may ultimately be traced.

May 17th. The Venus pleases

me more than ever. There is nothing in Rome, or elsewhere, that can be compared with her. There is that mysterious something about her, *quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*, impressed by the master-touch, which is as inexplicable as the breath of life. It is this incommunicable something, which no copy or cast, however accurate, is able to catch. I doubt whether the same thing can be observed of the Apollo; whence I am inclined to believe the notion, which, it is said, was first started by Flaxman—that the Apollo itself is but a copy. The style of the finishing has certainly not the air of an original work;—it possesses little of that indefinable spirit and freedom, which are the characteristics of those productions, in which the author follows only the conceptions of his own mind. The form and disposition of the drapery are said to afford technical evidence of the strongest kind, that the statue must have been originally executed in bronze; and the materials of which the Apollo is composed, which, it seems, are at last determined to be Italian marble, favour the same opinion.

May 18th. The Tuscan dialect sounds harshly, and almost unintelligibly, after the soft and sonorous cadence of the Roman pronunciation. However pure the *lingua Toscana* may be, the *bocca Romana* seems necessary to give it smoothness. It is delightful to listen to the musical flow of the words, even independently of their sense. Then how pretty are their diminutives! What answer could be invented more soothing to impatient irritability than—'momentino Signore?' The Romans however are too apt to fall into a sort of sing-song recitative, while the Tuscans—that is, the lower orders—offend you with a guttural rattle, not unlike the Welsh. There is perhaps no country where the dialects vary more, than in the different provinces of Italy.



The language of Naples and the Milanese is a sort of Babylonish jargon, little better than gibberish. The origin of the Italian language has long been a subject of discussion. The literati of Florence are fond of tracing it up to Etruscan antiquity. We know that Etruria had a language of its own, distinct from the Latin. This was the language in which the Sibyl was supposed to have delivered her oracles, and in which the augurs interpreted the mysteries of their profession. Livy says, '*Habeo auctores, vulgo tum Romanos pueros, sicut nunc Græcis, ita Etruscis literis erudiri solitos.*' This language is by some supposed so have continued to exist during the whole time of the Romans, as the *sermo vulgaris*—the *patois*—which was in common use amongst the peasantry of the country; while the Latin was confined to the higher classes, and the capital;—to the senate, the forum, the stage, and to literature.

This opinion does not seem entirely destitute of probability. We have living evidence in our own island of the difficulty of changing the language of a people. In France too, till within the last half century, the southern provinces were almost utterly ignorant of French; and, even at present, the lower classes of the peasantry never speak French, but continue to make use of a *patois* of the old Provencal language.

In like manner it is supposed by many, that pure Latin was confined to the capital and to high life; while the ancient Etruscan, which had an additional support in being consecrated to the service of religion, always maintained its ground as the colloquial *patois* of the greatest part of Italy. Thus, when Rome fell, the polished language of the capital fell with it; but the *patois* of the common people remained, and still remains, in an improved edition, in the language of modern Italy. For, if this be not so, we must suppose, first,

that the Etruscan was rooted out by the Latin, and that the Latin has again yielded in its turn to a new tongue. But innovations in language, are the slowest of all in working their way; and if the pure Latin of the classics had ever been the colloquial language of the common people, some living evidence of it would surely have been discovered, as we now find the ancient language of the Brittons lingering in the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall;—but no information is handed down to us by which we can ascertain when Latin was the common spoken language of Italy, or at what period it ceased to exist.

Still however, on the other hand, it is perhaps equally extraordinary, that we should meet with no traces of this colloquial *patois*, in the writings of the ancients. Some allusion indeed is made, by Quintilian, to the *sermo militaris*—a dialect in use among the soldiery;—but if the language of the common people was so distinct, as it is supposed, it is strange that we do not find more direct mention of it, especially in the plays of Plautus, who with his love of broad humour, might naturally have been expected after the example of Aristophanes, to have availed himself of such a source of the ridiculous. And when one reads in modern Italian, such lines as the following, the parent language seems to stand confessed in the identity of the resemblance;

In mare irato, in subita procella  
Invoco te nostra benigna stella.

Or, again,

Vivo in acerba pena, in mesto or-  
rore,  
Quando te non imploro, in te non  
spero:  
Purissima Maria, et in sincero  
Te non adoro, et in divino ardore.

These lines however were probably

studiously composed in this indiscriminate character:—and they might be counterbalanced by examples of early Roman inscriptions, which certainly bear more affinity to the modern Italian, than to the Latin;—and this would seem to show that the two languages might have existed and gone on progressively together. After considering therefore all that is urged by opposite writers on this subject, one is reduced to the conclusion of sir Roger de Coverly, of happy memory;—that much may be said on both sides. Thus much is certain; that at least the guttural accent of Tuscany is as old as Catullus; who has ridiculed it in one of his epigrams:—

*Chommoda dicebat, si quando com-  
moda vellet*

*Dicere, et hinsidias, Arrius insidias.*

*May 19th.* An evening at *Fiesole*,—which is situated on a commanding eminence, about three miles distant from Florence. The country is now in the highest beauty. Spring is the season for Italy. We have little Spring or Summer in England,—except in Thomson's Seasons. Climate, if it do not constitute the happiness, is a very important ingredient in the comfort of life. An evening or night, in an

Italian villa, at this season of nightingales, and moonlight, is a most delicious treat. How could Shakspeare write as he has done, without having been in Italy? Some of his garden scenes breathe the very life of reality. And yet if he had been here, I think he would not have omitted all allusion to the fire fly, a little flitting insect, that adds much to the charm of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled about with as much profusion as spangles on a lady's gown.

There is something delightfully pleasant in the voluptuous languor, which the soft air of an Italian evening occasions;—and then the splendour of an Italian sun-set! I shall never forget the impression made upon me by a particular evening. The sun had just gone down, leaving the whole sky dyed with the richest tints of crimson,—while the virgin snows of the distant mountains were suffused with blushes of 'celestial rosy red;' when, from an opposite quarter of the heavens, there seemed to rise another sun, as large, as bright, and as glowing as that which had just departed. It was the moon at the full;—and the illusion was so complete, that it required some few moments to convince me that I was not in Fairy Land.

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### To Readers and Correspondents.

THE two last numbers of the *Analectic Magazine*, were issued without the usual and promised engravings. An apology is due for the omission; and we have none better to offer than the simple fact, that the artists, of whom several were at work, occasioned a disappointment by being themselves unwillingly and accidentally unpunctual.

The difficulties which oppose the plan of giving a regular series of elegant and interesting engravings, as embellishments to a periodical journal published in Philadelphia, are



much greater than could easily be believed by any one that has not learned them from experience.

There are skilful artists in this city, and unhappily not very constantly employed; and hopes were entertained at the commencement of the present year, that we should be enabled, by their aid, to exhibit in every number, engravings at once elegant in execution and interesting in the subject, but those expectations have not been fully realized. There is unfortunately no disposition generally prevalent among the possessors of pictures, to aid in such a design, by even permitting the desired use to be made of them. And in many instances, we have had reason to wonder at the illiberal or fastidious answers given to our requests of a simple loan, for a very short period.

As to portraits, the choice is not easy at the present period. During the time of the late war, each month, almost each day, brought a new *hero*, naval or military, before the public eye, and curiosity stood on tip-toe to behold his features. Painters of the most distinguished skill were emulous to transfer his lineaments to their canvass, and engravers and publishers found their account in multiplying copies upon paper. The case is different now, few men are so prominent in the view of the nation as to excite that kind of curiosity, except those whose portraits have long since been a drug in every print shop. Still there are a few, and we should gladly have availed ourselves of any opportunity of presenting their likenesses to our readers. But all our applications, which were many, and directed to various owners of the pictures wished for, met with repulse or delay; and always with disappointment, except in two instances. It was owing to those two exceptions to the general rule, that we were enabled to procure the engravings to be made of the portraits of Mr. Clay, and the late Mr. Lewis; the first of which was executed from an indifferent painting which was loaned to the engraver, under such strict limitation as to

time, that the plate was necessarily very imperfect; the other was furnished with promptness and liberality, and the engraving does great credit to the talents of the artists, Messrs. Goodman and Piggott.

Such have been the discouragements attending the design of decorating this Magazine with portraits; the attempt to procure valuable landscapes was not much more fortunate.

An endeavour was made to introduce coloured engravings from views of remarkable American scenery, in imitation of those which so charmingly embellish 'Ackerman's (London) Repository.' The first experiment was made with a sketch of the Natural Bridge, obligingly furnished by a gentleman of this city. An *aquatint* was prepared and colours put on, but the result was a total failure, as all will recollect who saw the January number. A second trial was ventured and the 'View near Bordenton,' published in February, evinced a small improvement, but was far from elegant. A third endeavour was delayed awhile, in the hope of finding a suitable subject, but original drawings from American scenery are very scarce, and the use of some were refused by the owners; a foreign scene was therefore chosen, and the plate representing 'Konigstein,' was the first experiment that resulted in any thing like success. A fourth was attempted, and a picture painted for the purpose, was placed in the hands of the artists; this was the view of 'Pedler creek Falls,' and was so well executed that more of the same sort would have followed, but for the absolute impracticability of obtaining proper subjects.

These being the actual impediments in the way of giving tasteful embellishments, we have come to the determination to discontinue them entirely, after the next number. In consideration of this change, the subscription price of the Magazine will be reduced; and some other alterations will be made, to be more fully explained in the December number.